

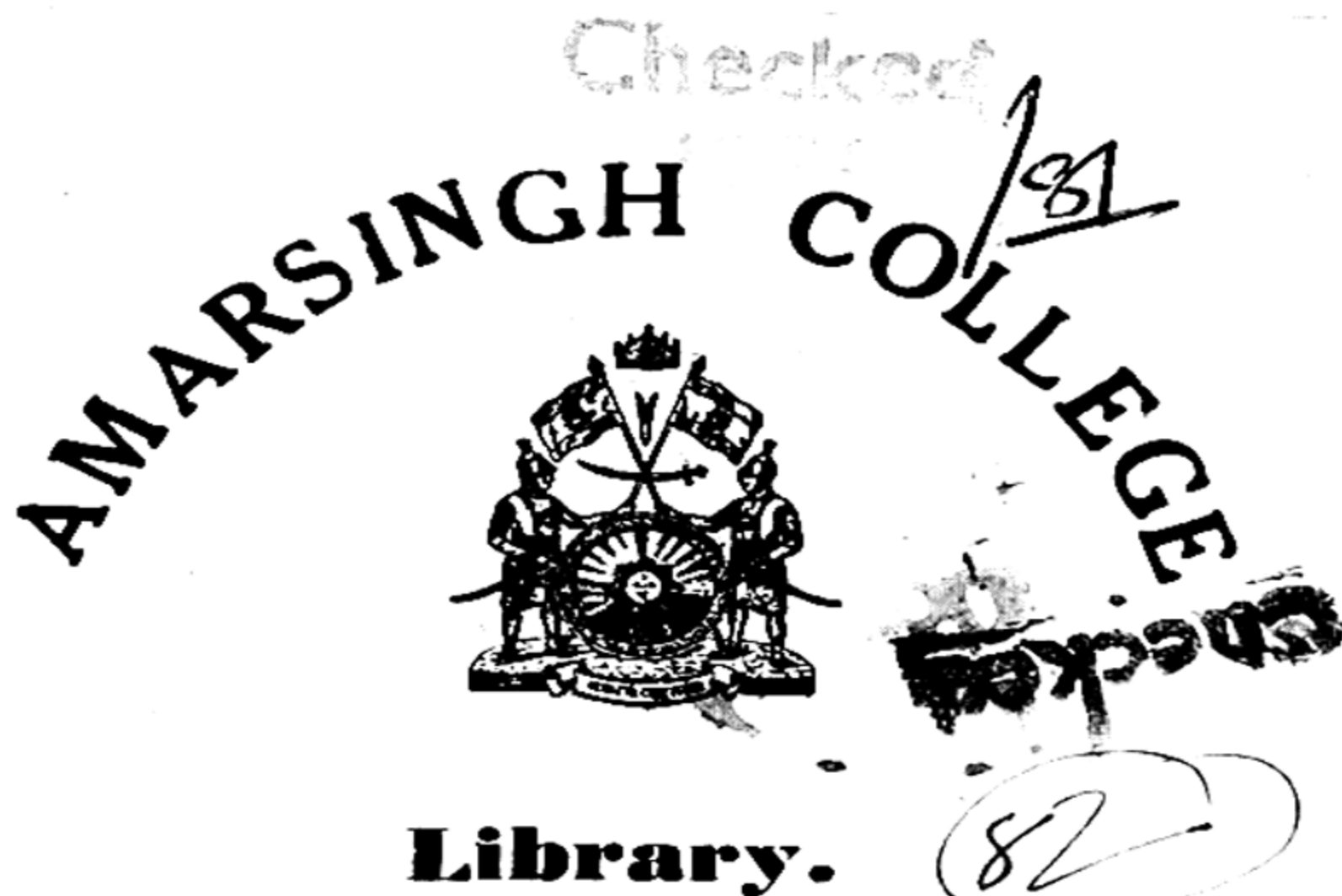
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Edited by
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BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

THOMAS CARLYLE was born (in a cottage built by his father) on December 4th, 1795, at Ecclefechan, a small market town in Annandale, Dumfriesshire, six miles inward from Annan.

James Carlyle,¹ his father—descended apparently from a border family, originally of some note, who came into Annandale from England in the fourteenth century—was born in August, 1758, at Brownknowe (now Craiglands), a small farm near Burnswark Hill, a mile or so from Ecclefechan. In his sixteenth year he became, with an older brother, apprentice-mason to his sister's husband, and about 1791 the two brothers established themselves at Ecclefechan as master-masons. James Carlyle married in 1791 Janet Carlyle, a distant cousin, who died leaving a son. He married again, on March 5th, 1795, Margaret Aitken, and Thomas Carlyle was their first child. Carlyle held his father, a man of exceptional native ability, in high esteem, but his whole heart went out to his mother, a woman of, to him, "the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just and wise."

When about five years of age Carlyle was sent to the village school, and later to one at Hoddam Kirk close to. In his tenth year he went to Annan Grammar School: "May 26th, 1806, a bright sunny morning—Whit-Monday—which I still vividly remember, I trotting at my father's side . . . boundless hopes, saddened by parting with mother, with

¹ See Passage 69.

home." Shy and sensitive, his rough school-fellows made his life miserable. Once while bathing alone—to escape his tormentors—he got out of his depth, when the help of a chance passer-by saved him probably from being drowned. After four years at the Annan school he proceeded to the Edinburgh University, which he entered at November Term, 1809. He journeyed there, nearly a hundred miles, by foot. At the University he seems to have made notable progress in mathematics only.

After completing his college course he became, in the summer of 1814, Mathematical Teacher at his old school in Annan. He lived a secluded life, devoted to professional work and study. All his holidays were spent at Mainhill, his home till 1826—a small farm two miles north-west of Ecclefechan, to which his father had removed in 1815, having given up the business at Ecclefechan. His next move was in November, 1816, to Kirkcaldy, on being appointed master of a school, set up as a rival to one under the management (since 1812) of Edward Irving,¹ who was a native of Annan. Carlyle met him personally (when a wordy-encounter ensued) for the first time in 1815, at a friend's rooms in Edinburgh while on a visit to deliver an address in the Divinity Hall, for he was—while teaching in Annan—pursuing divinity studies, his objective being the Christian ministry. Soon after his acceptance of the Kirkcaldy post they met again, in Annan, and this time Irving completely won Carlyle's friendship. At Kirkcaldy Carlyle met (in the Autumn of 1818) Margaret Gordon—a pupil of Irving—who has been identified with the 'Blumine' of *Sartor Resartus*, but Carlyle's nephew (Alexander Carlyle)²

¹ See Passage 165, and Note 12.

² Appendix B, Note 2, in *The Love of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh*.

has shown that the descriptions and incidents, 'mythically' true, relate to Jane Welsh (Mrs. Carlyle). Miss Gordon became the wife of Sir Alexander Bannerman, who, in course of time, was Governor of Nova Scotia. Carlyle had by this time abandoned all thought of entering the church. He was unconciliatory, proud and inflexible in manner. The teaching became unendurable, and both he and Irving, being on unpleasant terms with the Kirkcaldy people, gave up their engagements in December, 1818, and removed to Edinburgh. Carlyle got some private pupils, and received occasional employment from Dr. Brewster on the "Edinburgh Encyclopedia," then being compiled. He made sixteen contributions altogether to this work, among them being articles on Montaigne, Montesquieu, Necker, and the two Pitts. Also, he attended law lectures—having in view to enter that profession; relinquished in April, 1820. During this period in Edinburgh dyspepsia, in its most distressing form, first began to afflict him.

Irving went to Glasgow in October 1819, as assistant to Dr. Thomas Chalmers.¹ This was the year of the Radical Risings there. Of course, for the most part the propertied and parasitic classes ("disgustingly busy and important") failed to understand their true meaning, or were callous, but Carlyle, sympathetic and penetrative, saw in the revolt a symptom of deep-rooted social injustice. He visited Irving at Glasgow next year, after the end of the University Term in April. Irving accompanied him fifteen miles on his road home to Annandale and, during this walk, Irving drew from Carlyle the confession that he did not think as he of the Christian religion.

He spent the Spring and Summer (1820) at Mainhill, in a depressed state of mind. Irving believed that Carlyle's naturally uncommon and unyielding

¹ See Passage 165, and Note 12.

character had been nourished by his wide range of study, and so almost unfitted him for professional trammels. X He was, he thought, suffering from the lack of spiritual communion. In the last week of May 1821, Irving—her first schoolmaster and private tutor—introduced Carlyle to Jane Baillie Welsh, at her home in Haddington. She, an only child, was born there on July 14th, 1801. Her father, John Welsh—a medical doctor, who was born at Craigenputtock on April 4th, 1776, and had died in September, 1819—was descended from the fearless divine of the same name who married a daughter of John Knox. Mrs. Welsh ("unusually beautiful, but strangely sad: sensitive, fanciful and capricious") traced her descent vaguely from Wallace the Scotch Patriot through her mother, whose maiden name was Baillie. The friendship, which sprang up immediately, between Carlyle and Miss Welsh brightened both lives, but it suffered a temporary eclipse in February of the following year.

Early in 1822 Irving left Glasgow to become pastor of the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Garden, where he met with astonishing success. By his influence Carlyle became tutor to Charles and Arthur Buller, two elder sons of a retired Anglo-Indian, who entered the Edinburgh University this year. Charles, eventually, entered Parliament and was brilliantly successful, but his career was cut short by early death (in 1848)—to the inconsolable grief of his mother. Carlyle occupied his own rooms, and the tutoring left him plenty of time for study. He translated for Dr. Brewster, Legendre's "Elements of Geometry." His brother John, by his help sent to the University, lodged with him. Such was the external aspect of Carlyle's affairs during the latter half of 1822, but he was suffering in body and mind. To this period evidently is to be assigned the incident of his Spiritual

Newbirth,¹ from which he dated a change in the temper of his misery: "Not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance." It actually happened to him, as ascribed to 'Teufelsdröckh' in *Sartor Resartus*,² while walking down Leith Walk on the way to bathe at the sands between Leith and Portobello. Carlyle had studied Italian, Spanish and French Writers, and was now immersed in German Philosophy and Literature.

Mr. and Mrs. Buller and family went to Kinnaird House, near Dunkeld, Perthshire, in the Spring of 1823. Carlyle accompanied them, and remained till their departure for London in the early part of the following year. Besides his tutorial duties, he was employed, among other things, with his "Life of Schiller," and translation of "Wilhelm Meister." The first part of the former appeared in the "London Magazine." He went to London by sailing ship from Leith on June 6th, 1824 (Sunday), arriving on Friday. He stayed with Irving—who had been married in the previous Autumn—pending the Bullers' instructions, but his engagement with them was brought to a sudden termination because of, what he considered, Mrs. Buller's peremptory tone as to future arrangements. At this, his first visit to London, Carlyle met Coleridge,³ then at the height of his fame, whom he reckoned "a man of great and useless genius: a strange, not at all a great man." After the break with the Bullers he tried to recover his health and, for this purpose, spent eight weeks in Birmingham as guest of Mr. Badams (a friend of Irving), who put him on a course of treatment—but without success, for the cure of his dyspepsia. He

¹ See *The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh*, edited by A. Carlyle, Appendix B, Note 1.

² Book II, Chapter VII—"The Everlasting No."

³ See Passage 155.

then had some holidays with friends in the Irving circle, concluding with a short trip to Paris.

He returned to London some time in November (1824), when he prepared his *Life of Schiller* for publication in book form—completed in January following. This, when published, was immediately translated into German under the direction of Goethe, who saw in Carlyle “a new moral force, the extent and effects of which it was impossible to predict.” His next step was to rent Hoddam Hill farm where, he wrote Miss Welsh, he would establish his home till he had conquered the fiend that harassed him, and remain till some more suitable one came within his reach. He took possession on May 26th, 1825. His brother Alick managed the farm. During his sojourn there Carlyle found that he had conquered his “scepticisms, agonising doubtings; had escaped as from a worse than Tantalus, and was emerging free in spirit into the eternal blue of ether, where,” (he added) “blessed be Heaven, I have for the spiritual part, ever since lived.” The small steading which Carlyle occupied, some two miles south-west of Ecclefechan, is now merged into what is known as Repentance Hill farm. The view from it is thus described by Carlyle: “It has the finest and vastest prospect all round as I ever saw from any house, from Tyndale Fell to St. Bees Head, all Cumberland as in amphitheatre unmatchable: Galloway mountains, Moffat mountains, Selkirk ditto, Roxburgh ditto.” Before leaving London Carlyle arranged for the publication of translations from German authors, which kept him employed for the time, but otherwise he had no sure prospects. This was the position when Miss Welsh, then on a visit to Templand—a farm half a mile from Thornhill, the home of her maternal grandfather—drove over in September to Hoddam Hill, to spend a few days. She had agreed to marry

Carlyle when he was in a fit position, and there matters stood. Her letters relating to the question of marriage reveal generally a critical and calculating temperament. Shortly before the stage we have just reached, however, she declared she esteemed him above all the men she had seen, and that while she once thought it would be impossible she could ever be his wife, she now thought it her most probable destiny. The Hoddam experiment was of short duration. A dispute arose between Carlyle and the landlord regarding the terms of the lease, which issued in Carlyle giving up the place on May 26th, 1826, and in his father, who held his farm from the same landlord, leaving Mainhill at the same time. Carlyle senior took a larger farm, Scotsbrig, two miles and a half north-east of Ecclefechan—the last home of the parents Carlyle. Their youngest son, James, ultimately became the tenant, remaining until 1880, the mother being with him till her death. The removal to Scotsbrig had the effect of hastening Carlyle's marriage. The bustle disturbed him, nor was Miss Welsh happy at Haddington, and so, precluded by an epistolary out-put probably unique for its originality and humour, they became man and wife on October 17th, 1826. The ceremony was performed at Templand. Thereafter, Carlyle and his bride drove off in post-chaise to Edinburgh, reaching same evening the house at 21 Comely Bank, in the north of that city, which was to be their home. Two years before Miss Welsh made a deed settling the life-rent of Craigenputtock (bequeathed to her, with other property, by her father) upon her mother during her life-time, and by another deed left the property to Carlyle after her own and her mother's death. On her daughter's marriage Mrs. Welsh quitted Haddington, and made Templand her home.

Carlyle thought the days at Comely Bank amongst

the happiest of his life. He was soon, however, faced with the question of how to get a living, as neither his *Life of Schiller*, nor "Wilhelm Meister," sold as well as was anticipated, and the booksellers were consequently holding back. Carlyle would not write, to please the public taste, with the object alone of getting money, and in this resolve he was upheld by Mrs. Carlyle. As the most feasible plan they decided to leave Edinburgh and live at Craigenputtock. Carlyle's brother Alick, who had agreed to manage the farm, and his sister Mary went there at Whitsuntide 1827, to put the place in order. Carlyle—against the grain, for he had volunteered a contribution (on Pictet's "Theory of Gravitation") to the "Edinburgh Review," which was neither acknowledged nor returned—called upon Jeffrey,¹ and he so impressed him that his first article, on Jean Paul Richter, soon appeared. This led to offers from the "Foreign Quarterly Review" and the "Foreign Review." The first use Carlyle made of his improved prospects was to send his brother John to the medical schools in Germany to complete his studies. The chair of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrew's being vacant, Jeffrey and others exerted themselves on Carlyle's behalf, but nothing came of it. Carlyle and his wife were in a state of dubiety about Craigenputtock, when the question was, in a manner, settled for them by their house at Edinburgh being let over their heads. Carlyle had now, at all events, an opening in the "Edinburgh" and other Reviews which, in the sequel, formed the 'principal finance fund during all the Craigenputtock time.'

The Carlyles proceeded to Craigenputtock in the last week in May 1828, and it was their home till May 1834. On the Dunscore Hills at an elevation of seven hundred feet, Craigenputtock lies amidst sur-

¹ See Passage 166.

roundings notably rugged and barren. It is sixteen miles north-west of Dumfries ; distant from Scotsbrig over thirty miles, and Templand fourteen. Carlyle's first production in his new abode seems to have been the famous essay on *Burns*. Within the next two years he wrote articles on *Novalis*, on *Voltaire*, and on *The Signs of the Times*, in which he first gave public expression to his thoughts on modern society. He also wrote a History of German Literature which, however, had to be split up into Review Articles, as a publisher could not be found for it in book form. Mrs. Carlyle adapted herself to the new mode of life. Apart from Carlyle and herself the only people about the place were Alexander Carlyle (who lived in a cottage attached to the farm), and the servants ; but this seclusion from society had some compensations. She paid frequent visits to her mother, and when Carlyle had finished an article it was their custom to spend a fortnight's holiday with relations and friends. There was, too, the intellectual bond. Mrs. Carlyle was a helpful critic, in whose literary judgment Carlyle had unbounded faith. Jeffrey, his wife and daughter, journeyed twice to Craigenputtock ; in October 1828, and September 1830. Jeffrey, a distant relation of hers, admired Mrs. Carlyle, and was anxious to assist them. With a creed of the conventional order, he seemed to have been incapable of appreciating at their true worth Carlyle's extraordinary talents and lofty principles. One can understand that, at this juncture in Carlyle's affairs, had he been at all worldly-minded, Jeffrey's friendship might have furnished a strong inducement to temporise. Carlyle's financial outlook was serious in 1830. He had crippled his resources by advances towards his brother John's education, and by the sum advanced to stock the farm at Craigenputtock, which—having turned out a ruinous undertaking—

was given up by Alick Carlyle at Whitsuntide 1831. Carlyle had written a piece entitled "Old Clothes," intended for a review article, but as the subject developed in his mind he decided to make a book of it. This was *Sartor Resartus*—(commenced in the Autumn of 1830 and finished by the end of July following)—for originality his greatest work, and containing the completest statement of his teaching, according to which: visible things are Emblems of the Spiritual; institutions, creeds, likewise are but Symbols and, all that can properly be so called, must in some measure represent truth and justice—the attributes of the Infinite, or God. In this aspect Carlyle subjects society and its institutions to searching criticism. Towards the end of 1831 the finance problem eased. A portion of his History of German Literature, an article on *Schiller*, and one on *Richter*, were accepted for publication.

Carlyle set out from Craigenputtock on August 4th, 1831, for London, with the manuscripts of *Sartor Resartus*, and yet unpublished portions of his History of German Literature, but he did not succeed in finding a publisher for them. He travelled by steam packet from Glencaple Quay—five miles below Dumfries—to Liverpool viâ Whitehaven, and thence by coach, arriving in London on August 9th. He lodged with his brother John at 6 Woburn Buildings, Tavistock Square, until the arrival of Mrs. Carlyle on October 1st, when they both had rooms at 4 Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Road. The agitation over the first Reform Bill was at its height. In Carlyle's opinion the whole form of society was rotten, and Parliamentary Reform was of small moment—a beginning, nothing more, of good or evil. He first met John Stuart Mill in September, and both he and Mrs. Carlyle came into contact with some of the foremost literary men. During this visit to London

Carlyle wrote his essays on *Johnson* and *Characteristics*, the latter a compact and luminous statement of his teaching. By this time the farm at Craigenputtock had a new tenant, but the Carlyles returned to their house there about the middle of April, 1832.

Mill began his correspondence with Carlyle. They agreed in condemnation of the moral and social condition of society, but (says Froude, our chief source of information) on the problem of the existence and providence of God, Carlyle had a positive faith, while Mill it seemed had no more than a sense of probability. The former admitted that the external evidence for the Being of God was inadequate, but found the grounds of certainty in himself. During the remainder of this year (1832) Carlyle wrote, among other articles, the essays on *Goethe* and *Diderot*. He was reading books on the French Revolution. The subject had taken hold of his imagination, and had determined him to go to Edinburgh for access to books. He and his wife, accordingly, went there in the early part of the new year, 1833, and remained nearly four months. Carlyle wrote the article on *Cagliostro* while in Edinburgh at this time. At the end of August Emerson made his memorable visit to Craigenputtock: "He seemed to be one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked upon." Carlyle took steps in January 1834, towards securing an Astronomy Professorship about to be established in Edinburgh which, unsuccessful like the others, was his last attempt to enter the beaten tracks of employment. The prospects were not encouraging—*Sartor Resartus* now appearing in parts in "Fraser's Magazine," was receiving almost unqualified disapprobation, and the *Diamond Necklace* (finished in December 1833), could not find a publisher—but, the Carlyles, nevertheless, decided to remove to London, and by June 10th were settled there at

5 (now 24) Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Mrs. Carlyle seems to have enjoyed better health at Craigenputtock than she did afterwards. Carlyle expressly said, their days there were not sad—certainly not hers in especial, but his own rather. While there, his dyspepsia was cured, and he did twice as much work as he could in London.

Carlyle's immediate task in his London home was the writing of the history of the French Revolution. In the first hour of the new year, 1835, he writes: "My first friend Edward Irving is dead above three weeks ago. I am friendless here, or as good as that, My book cannot get on, though I stick to it like a bur." Edward Irving died on December 8th, in Glasgow. Carlyle had long been perturbed about him; as far back as November 1831 had earnestly remonstrated with him on, what he thought, the false course he had fallen into. In his opinion Irving had been driven half-mad, finally killed, by what once seemed his enviable fortune. By February 7th Carlyle had finished the first book of his "French Revolution." He records at this date, that he had not earned one penny by the craft of literature for some three-and-twenty months. Inability to attach himself to any religious or political party cut him off from the avenues of ordinary literary employment. Emerson was pressing him to come to America and lecture, perhaps make it his home—where, he said, he would find many friends and congenial audience for his teachings. Carlyle, however, stuck to his task. They were, said he, thanks to his wife's thrift, able to hold out for many months, and hoped to hold on till the book was done. This resolution was very soon put to a severe test. Carlyle had handed Mill—who had supplied him with 'barrow-loads' of books and pamphlets and was intensely interested in the progress of the work—the manuscript for perusal,

and while in his keeping it was destroyed by fire. It had been "the fruit of five months sickening and painful toil." Mill, who knew Carlyle's circumstances, had to be content with the acceptance by Carlyle of what he reckoned as wages for the time expended in writing the book. Carlyle, who usually wrote at white-heat, had destroyed his notes, and had little recollection of what he had written. After six months heart-breaking labour he had the burnt volume re-written—finished in September. Exhausted by the toil he retreated to Scotsbrig, but was back again in November to resume his work. The Sterlings were at this time valued friends of both the Carlyles. Carlyle had met John Sterling¹ ("arguing copiously, but *except* in opinion not disagreeing") in the Winter of the previous year. Of his circle of London friends Carlyle said, they were the best people he had ever walked with: one was esteemed without being questioned. In January 1836, he had to suspend his work on the history for two weeks, to write an article on *Mirabeau* for Mill's Review, to meet current expenses, augmented by payments for the *Diamond Necklace*, now appearing in parts in "Fraser's Magazine." On January 12th, next year, the *History of the French Revolution* was finished. On the suggestion of Miss Harriet Martineau and Miss Wilson—who made all business arrangements—Carlyle delivered, beginning on May 1st, 1837, a course of six lectures on German Literature. He spoke, as he always did, without notes. Mrs. Carlyle said, nothing he had ever tried seemed to have carried such conviction to the public heart of his genius, and that he was "worth being kept alive at a moderate rate."

Immediately after these lectures his *History of the French Revolution* was published. It had come, he

¹ See Passage 156.

wrote Sterling, hot out of his own soul, born in blackness, whirlwind and sorrow. The certainty of the retribution that follows, sooner or later, disobedience to the facts of nature and the eternal laws of justice, is the lesson he enforces with an earnestness and vividness which baffle description. Over the stirring events, which stand out clearly to the mental vision, breathes a kindly spirit of charity to all classes of men. By the few, whose opinion had weight, the greatness of the work was at once realised. (Carlyle had made good, on his own lines, a right to rank with the greatest writers.) He wrote his essay on *Sir Walter Scott* in November. Between April and June 1838, he delivered a Second Course of Lectures, on the History of Literature, or the Successive Periods of European Culture. By December he had received, through Emerson's exertions, from Boston three remittances for Royalty on an American edition of his "French Revolution," while he had not yet received a sixpence from his own publisher. He agreed, about this time, to give Mill an article on Cromwell for the "London & Westminster Review," but this falling through he resolved to go thoroughly into the subject, and for the next five years, with many interruptions, the study of the Commonwealth was his chief business. While engaged in it he felt the want of a good lending library which led, on his initiative, to the formation of the London Library. In May 1839, he delivered his Third Course of Lectures, on the Revolutions of Modern Europe. This period marks definitely the end of all anxiety in the finance department. An edition of his collected essays was coming out, and by this time there was a growing market for his productions. It may be noted here that this year Carlyle made his first railway journey—in September, from Preston to London, on his return from Scotsbrig after a holiday.

Before the close of 1839 *Chartism* was written and published. "Wilhelm Meister" was re-published at the same time. The main idea of the former is this: Parliamentary Reform had simply transferred political power from the Aristocracy to the capitalist and merchant classes. The growth of wealth had not led to a corresponding improvement in the material conditions of the great mass of the people, nor to the moral improvement of any class, and this could not be otherwise under the existing structure of society. Mill was delighted with *Chartism*. We now know he came to the conclusion that a solution of the problem was to be sought in an industrial system based upon the collective ownership of the means of production. During May 1840, Carlyle gave his Fourth (and last) Course of Lectures, on *Heroes & Hero-Worship*, the only course he published—which he did soon after delivery. His thesis, to state it briefly, was that the history of a nation, in a special sense, was the history of its great men. During the next two years or so Carlyle seems to have been specially restless and irritable. He wrote his wife that, in the mutual misery they were then in, they did not know how dear they were to one another. Absorbed in thought, abnormally sensitive, he could not be easy to live with. On the other hand, Mrs. Carlyle, self-sacrificing and generous in action as she pre-eminently was, had a short temper and sharp tongue. Carlyle was gratified, as a mark of esteem—it was now too late to entertain such a proposal—when informed, in October 1841, of a proposal on the part of Edinburgh students to nominate him for a History Chair about to be established. In the following year (1842), on February 20th, Mrs. Welsh died. In this time of distress we see the real Carlyle. After settling matters in connection with Mrs. Welsh's affairs he returned to London in the early days of May, breaking

the journey at Rugby, when he and Dr. Arnold visited Naseby together. In August he had a short tour in Belgium with Spring Rice, Commissioner of Customs, in an Admiralty Yacht. Shortly after he joined Mrs. Carlyle, who was staying with the Bullers at Troston, Suffolk, and had a three-days ride in Cromwell's Country.

In the first seven weeks of 1843 he wrote *Past and Present*. It was commonly asserted, or implied, that the condition of the workers tended progressively to improve; that a just distribution of wealth resulted from the free operations of the laws of supply and demand. Facts plainly did not correspond with this view. Carlyle maintained that the eternal laws of justice must govern every human action. Under the feudal arrangements of society the labourer had valuable recognised rights. Under the modern system he hung loose on society, without guarantee of the means of earning a livelihood. 'Economic' laws are but the expression of what happens under given conditions of industry. It is almost a truism to say that, the economic cause of the increasing dependence of the worker individually was the rise and progress of capitalism, but for that side of the question one must go to Mill or Karl Marx—particularly perhaps to the latter. During the Summer of this year (1843) Carlyle, in the course of his movements, visited the battle scenes of Worcester and Dunbar, two of Cromwell's great victories. John Sterling died on September 18th, 1844. In a letter to Carlyle from Ventnor, on August 10th—a solemn farewell—occur words which might stand for an epitaph to Carlyle: "Towards me, it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you."

On August 26th, 1845, the *Life & Letters of Oliver Cromwell* was finished. A new edition necessary for

the incorporation of fresh matter was completed about May 1846. Of this work it will only be remarked that, Carlyle put Cromwell, for the first time, in his rightful place as one of the greatest of English Rulers, reversing the almost generally accepted opinion of him as being a hypocrite and tyrant. In the middle of November 1845, Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle made a visit to Mr. Baring and his wife, Lady Harriet Baring, at Bay House, near Alverstton, Hampshire, which lasted to the end of December. For a dozen years this acquaintanceship was a source of discord. Carlyle suffered no indignity, but the deference which Lady Harriet was accustomed to receive seems, tacitly at least, to have been expected from Mrs. Carlyle—who rightly remonstrated against being placed in this position. But the exasperating part was that Carlyle, in effect, forced her to consent, although (it should be added) he did not perceive all the implications of the attitude he took until after Mrs. Carlyle's death.

Carlyle had some thought of writing on the Irish problem, and made a seven-days tour in Ireland in 1846, and another of five weeks in 1849, but nothing followed from his pen. His paper on the *Nigger Question* appeared in December 1849. It was followed by the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, eight in all, commenced at the beginning of 1850, and published each month separately, as no magazine dared admit these philippics. Their main purport was to urge that the current notions about progress were false; and that the 'organisation of labour,' true government of the wise, was the question of questions for all governments. In the first three months of 1851 Carlyle wrote his *Life of John Sterling*, the most genial of his productions; intimate and personal. During this year he definitely formed the purpose of writing about Frederick II, of Prussia. After

fifteen months of preparatory work he, going by steamer from Leith to Rotterdam on August 30th, 1852, had a six-weeks tour in Germany getting materials. On December 25th, 1853, to his lasting grief, his mother died.

Throughout 1854 and onwards, with slight intermission, he toiled at 'Frederick,' in his sound-proof room—which he got built above the higher story of the house. By the second week in June 1858, two volumes—the first instalment of the work was finished, after six years labour. Lady Ashburton (Lady Harriet Baring: Mr. Baring became Lord Ashburton in May 1848, on the death of his father) unexpectedly died on May 4th, 1857. She was, said Carlyle, noble and gifted by nature, with the soul of a princess and captainess had there been any career possible to her but the fashionable one.

He left on August 21st, 1858, for his Second Tour in Germany, sailing from Leith to Hamburg, and was home again on September 22nd, after having studied, to some purpose, the locations of 'Frederick's' battles. Mrs. Carlyle had been for many years in weak health, frequently had to seek rest and change with friends. At home in the winters, she was able to entertain her friends, while Carlyle kept working without respite. He rode, or walked, for exercise in the afternoons and, on his return home, it was his custom to lie down, in his dressing gown, by the drawing-room fire, and smoke up the chimney while Mrs. Carlyle amused him with accounts of her visitors. In August 1863, both spent a happy fortnight with Lord and the second Lady Ashburton. Not long after Mrs. Carlyle was seriously injured by being thrown on to the kerb-stone by a passing cab when trying to catch a bus, and it was not until the end of September next year that she was able to re-appear among her friends. At the end of January 1865, the

History of Frederick the Great, the fruit of twelve years work, was finished. Some competent authorities consider it Carlyle's greatest achievement. For erudition it is probably unrivalled.

In November 1865 the students of the University of Edinburgh chose Carlyle for their Lord Rector. The state of her health prevented Mrs. Carlyle from accompanying him, and Carlyle was to see her alive for the last time—on March 29th, 1866—when he left home for his installation. He was installed on April 2nd, and delivered his Rectorial Address. Professor Tyndall wired Mrs. Carlyle that latter was: "A perfect triumph." She carried the news to John Forster and Charles Dickens, who charmed her with their way of receiving it. Carlyle had decided to return to London on April 23rd. On the evening of the 21st, when in his sister's (Mrs. Aitken) house at Dumfries, he received the doleful news of the death, that afternoon, of his wife. She, when taking a drive, had put her dog out—near Victoria Gate—to run when, a carriage passing over its foot, she sprang down, lifted it into her arms, and re-entered her brougham. After a short interval she was found dead: reclining, hands in lap, in a corner of the carriage. She was buried in the nave of the old Abbey Kirk at Haddington—the grave of her father—"according to covenant of forty years back."

A little more may suffice. Towards the end of this year (1866), and in the first quarter of the next, Carlyle composed his *Reminiscences of Edward Irving and Lord Jeffrey*. On June 20th, 1867, he bequeathed the Craigenputtock Estate to the Edinburgh University for bursaries. In August of this year his article *Shooting Niagara*, occasioned by Disraeli's somersault on the Parliamentary Reform Question, appeared. In September, 1868, he began the pious duty of sorting and annotating his wife's letters,

“ that some memory and image of one so beautiful and noble, should not fail to survive,” which he finished, with the assistance (having lost the use of his right hand) of his niece Mary Aitken, in September of the following year. He noted on March 20th, 1870, that for four years all but thirteen days he had stood contemplating his calamity. At all times his wife’s spirit accompanied him, beautiful and sad. His life (he felt) had nothing in it but the shadow, sad, grand, unfathomable, of what was coming. He dictated, finished in February 1872, his short *History of the Norse Kings*. Also this year were written the articles on the *Portraits of John Knox*, and the *Appendix to his Life of Schiller*—which were his last literary productions. In February 1874 he received the Prussian Order of Merit, and in December of the same year was offered, through Disraeli, the Grand Cross of the Bath and a pension, which he gratefully declined. Two of his brothers passed away before him, first Alexander, who died in April 1876, in Canada ; then John in December 1878. He himself, long in a frail state, died on February 5th, 1881, aged eighty-five years, and all that was mortal of him was laid, beside the remains of his father and mother, in the old Kirkyard at Ecclefechan.

The compiler is indebted to Mr. A. Carlyle and Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd. for permission to include the selections from Carlyle’s *Reminiscences*, and Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd. for the selections from his works. The materials for the above sketch he has drawn chiefly from Froude’s biography of Carlyle, but has made emendations which, in the light of subsequent investigations, appear essential.

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THE BEST OF CARLYLE

LIFE OF SCHILLER

1. Idleness. Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of mankind proceed from idleness ; with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes oft baffled ; and men fail in their schemes not so much from the want of strength as from the ill-direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something : the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continual falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock ; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.

2. Goethe and Schiller Contrasted. How gifted, how diverse in their gifts ! The mind of the one plays calmly, in its capricious and inimitable graces, over all the provinces of human interest ; the other concentrates powers as vast, but far less various, on a few subjects ; the one is catholic, the other is sectarian. The first is endowed with an all-comprehending spirit ; skilled, as if by personal experience, in all the modes of human passion and opinion ; therefore, tolerant of all ; peaceful, collected ; fighting for no class of men or principles ; rather looking on

the world, and the various battles waging in it, with the quiet eye of one already reconciled to the futility of their issues ; but pouring over all the forms of many-coloured life the light of a deep and subtle intellect, and the decorations of an overflowing fancy ; and allowing men and things of every shape and hue to have their own free scope in his conception, as they have it in the world where Providence has placed them. The other is earnest, devoted ; struggling with a thousand mighty projects of improvement ; feeling more intensely as he feels more narrowly ; rejecting vehemently, choosing vehemently ; at war with the one half of things, in love with the other half ; hence dissatisfied, impetuous, without internal rest, and scarcely conceiving the possibility of such a state. Apart from the difference of their opinions and mental culture, Shakspeare and Milton seem to have stood in some such relation as this to each other, in regard to the primary structure of their minds.

3. Friendship. A strict similarity of characters is not necessary, or perhaps very favourable, to friendship. To render it complete, each party must no doubt be competent to understand the other ; both must be possessed of dispositions kindred in their great lineaments : but the pleasure of comparing our ideas and emotions is heightened, when there is ' likeness in unlikeness.' *The same sentiments, different opinions*, Rousseau conceives to be the best material of friendship : reciprocity of kind words and actions is more effectual than all. Luther loved Melancthon ; Johnson was not more the friend of Edmund Burke than of poor old Dr. Levitt.

4. Companionship. For a man of high qualities, it is rare to find a meet companion ; painful and injurious to want one. Solitude exasperates or

deadens the heart, perverts or enervates the faculties ; association with inferiors leads to dogmatism in thought, and self-will even in affections. Rousseau never should have lived in the Val de Montmorenci ; it had been good for Warburton that Hurd had not existed ; for Johnson never to have known Boswell or Davies.

5. Friedrich Schiller. (Born at Marbach on Neckar, 1759 ; died at Weimar, 1805.) It is not the predominating force of any one faculty that impresses us in Schiller ; but the general force of all. Every page of his writings bears the stamp of internal vigour ; new truths, new aspects of known truth, bold thought, happy imagery, lofty emotion. Schiller would have been no common man, though he had altogether wanted the qualities peculiar to poets. His intellect is clear, deep, and comprehensive ; its deductions, frequently elicited from numerous and distant premises, are presented under a magnificent aspect, in the shape of theorems, embracing an immense multitude of minor propositions. . . . Perhaps his greatest faculty was a half-poetical, half-philosophical imagination : a faculty teeming with magnificence and brilliancy ; now adorning, or aiding to erect, a stately pyramid of scientific speculation ; now brooding over the abysses of thought and feeling, till thoughts and feelings, else unutterable, were embodied in expressive forms, and palaces and landscapes glowing in ethereal beauty rose like exhalations from the bosom of the deep. Combined and partly of kindred with these intellectual faculties was that vehemence of temperament which is necessary for their full development. Schiller's heart was at once fiery and tender ; impetuous, soft, affectionate, his enthusiasm clothed the universe with grandeur, and sent his spirit forth to explore its secrets and mingle warmly in its interests. . . . it may be admitted

that, in general, his works exhibit rather extraordinary strength than extraordinary fineness or versatility. His power of dramatic imitation is perhaps never of the very highest, the Shakspearean kind ; and in its best state, it is farther limited to a certain range of characters. It is with the grave, the earnest, the exalted, the affectionate, the mournful, that he succeeds : he is not destitute of humour, as his *Wallenstein's Camp* will show, but neither is he rich in it ; and for sprightly ridicule in any of its forms he has seldom shown either taste or talent.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS : GOETHE

6. **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.** (Born at Frankfort-on-Mayn, 1749 ; died at Weimar, 1832.) Of a nature so rare and so complex it is difficult to form a true comprehension ; difficult even to express what comprehension one has formed. In Goethe's mind, the first aspect that strikes us is its calmness, then its beauty ; a deeper inspection reveals to us its vastness and unmeasured strength. This man rules, and is not ruled. The stern and fiery energies of a most passionate soul lie silent in the centre of his being ; a trembling sensibility has been inured to stand, without flinching or murmur, the sharpest trials. Nothing outward, nothing inward, shall agitate or control him. The brightest and most capricious fancy, the most piercing and inquisitive intellect, the wildest and deepest imagination ; the highest thrills of joy, the bitterest pangs of sorrow : all these are his, he is not theirs. While he moves every heart from its steadfastness, his own is firm and still : the words that search into the inmost recesses of our nature, he pronounces with a tone of coldness and

equanimity ; in the deepest pathos he weeps not, or his tears are like water trickling from a rock of adamant. He is king of himself and of his world ; nor does he rule it like a vulgar great man, like a Napoleon or Charles Twelfth, by the mere brute exertion of his will, grounded on no principle, or on a false one : his faculties and feelings are not fettered or prostrated under the iron sway of Passion, but led and guided in kindly union under the mild sway of Reason ; as the fierce primeval elements of Nature were stilled at the coming of Light, and bound together, under its soft vesture, into a glorious and beneficent Creation.

This is a true Rest of man ; no stunted unbelieving callousness, no reckless surrender to blind Force, no opiate delusion ; but the harmonious adjustment of Necessity and Accident, of what is changeable and what is unchangeable in our destiny ; the calm supremacy of the spirit over its circumstances ; the dim aim of every human soul, the full attainment of only a chosen few. It comes not unsought to any ; but the wise are wise because they think no price too high for it.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS : RICHTER

7. Originality. Originality is a thing we constantly clamour for, and constantly quarrel with ; as if any originality but our own could be expected to content us ! In fact, all strange things are apt, without fault of theirs, to estrange us at first view ; unhappily scarcely anything is perfectly plain, but what is also perfectly common. The current coin of the realm passes into all hands ; and be it gold, silver, or copper, is acceptable and of known value :

but with new ingots, with foreign bars, and medals of Corinthian brass, the case is widely different.

✓ **8. Humour.** (The essence of humour is sensibility; warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence.) Nay, we may say that unless seasoned and purified by humour, sensibility is apt to run wild; will readily corrupt into disease, falsehood, or, in one word, sentimentality. . . . (True humour springs not more from the head than from the heart; it is not contempt, its essence is love; it issues not in laughter, but in still smiles, which lie far deeper. It is a sort of inverse sublimity; exalting, as it were, into our affections what is below us, while sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us. The former is scarcely less precious or heart-affecting than the latter; perhaps it is still rarer, and, as a test of genius, still more decisive. (It is, in fact, the bloom and perfume, the purest effluence of a deep, fine and loving nature; a nature in harmony with itself, reconciled to the world and its stintedness and contradiction, nay finding in this very contradiction new elements of beauty as well as goodness. Among our own writers, Shakspeare, in this as in all other provinces, must have his place: yet not the first; his humour is heartfelt, exuberant, warm, but seldom the tenderest or most subtle. Swift inclines more to simple irony; yet he had genuine humour too, and of no unloving sort, though cased, like Ben Jonson's, in a most bitter and caustic rind.) Sterne follows next; our last specimen of humour, and, with all his faults, our best; our finest, if not our strongest; for *Yorick* and *Corporal Trim* and *Uncle Toby* have yet no brother but in *Don Quixote*, far as *he* lies above them. Cervantes is indeed the purest of all humorists; so gentle and genial, so full yet so ethereal is his humour, and in such accordance with itself and his whole noble nature.

9. Richter's Humour. (Jean Paul Friedrich Richter: Born at Wunsiedel in Bayreuth, 1763; died, 1825.) Richter has been called an intellectual Colossus; and in truth it is somewhat in this light that we view him. His faculties are all of gigantic mould; cumbrous, awkward in their movements; large and splendid, rather than harmonious or beautiful; yet joined in living union; and of force and compass altogether extraordinary. He has an intellect vehement, rugged, irresistible; crushing in pieces the hardest problems; piercing into the most hidden combinations of things, and grasping the most distant; an imagination vague, sombre, splendid, or appalling; brooding over the abysses of Being; wandering through Infinitude, and summoning before us, in its dim religious light, shapes of brilliancy, solemnity, or terror: a fancy of exuberance literally unexampled; for it pours its treasures with a lavishness which knows no limit, hanging, like the sun, a jewel on every grass-blade, and sewing the earth at large with orient pearl. But deeper than all these lies Humour, the ruling quality with Richter; as it were the central fire that pervades and vivifies his whole being. He is a humorist from his inmost soul; he thinks as a humorist, he feels, imagines, acts as a humorist: Sport is the element in which his nature lives and works.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS : STATE OF GERMAN LITERATURE

10. Taste. Taste, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence, all beauty, order,

goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely-gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision ; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration. Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks ? We believe it proceeds less from without than within in every rank. The charms of Nature, the Majesty of Man, the infinite loveliness of Truth and Virtue, are not hidden from the eye of the poor ; but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted and self-seeking, be he poor or rich. In old ages, the humble Minstrel, a mendicant, a lord of nothing but his harp and his own free soul, had intimations of those glories, while to the proud Baron in his barbaric halls they were unknown.

11. Character. To seize a character, even that of one man, in its life and secret mechanism, requires a philosopher ; to delineate it with truth and impressiveness, is work for a poet.

12. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. (Born at Kamens, 1729 ; died, 1781.) Among all the writers of the eighteenth century, we will not except even Diderot and David Hume, there is not one of a more compact and rigid intellectual structure ; who more distinctly knows what he is aiming at, or with more gracefulness, vigour and precision sets it forth to his readers. He thinks with the clearness and piercing sharpness of the most expert logician ; but a genial fire pervades him, a wit, a heartiness, a general richness and fineness of nature, to which most logicians are strangers. He is a sceptic in many things, but the noblest of sceptics ; a mild, manly, half-careless enthusiasm struggles through his indignant unbelief : he stands before us like a toilworn but unwearied and heroic

champion, earning not the conquest but the battle ; as indeed himself admits to us, that 'it is not the finding of truth, but the honest search for it, that profits.' . . . As a poet, as a critic, philosopher, or controversialist, his style will be found precisely such as we of England are accustomed to admire most ; brief, nervous, vivid ; yet quiet, without glitter or antithesis ; idiomatic, pure without purism ; transparent, yet full of character and reflex hues of meaning. . . . His Criticism and philosophic or religious Scepticism were of a higher mood than had yet been heard in Europe, still more in Germany : his *Dramaturgie* first exploded the pretensions of the French theatre, and, with irresistible conviction, made Shakspeare known to his countrymen ; preparing the way for a brighter era in their literature, the chief men of which still look back to Lessing as their patriarch.

13. Objects : Visible and Invisible. In the field of human investigation there are objects of two sorts : First, the *visible*, including not only such as are material, and may be seen by the bodily eye ; but all such, likewise, as may be represented in a shape, before the mind's eye, or in any way pictured there : And, secondly, the *invisible*, or such as are not only unseen by human eyes, but as cannot be seen by any eye ; not objects of sense at all ; not capable, in short, of being *pictured* or imaged in the mind, or in any way represented by a *shape*, either without the mind or within it. If any man shall here turn upon us, and assert that there are no such invisible objects ; that whatever cannot be so pictured or imagined (meaning *imaged*) is nothing, and the science that relates to it nothing ; we shall regret the circumstance. We shall request him, however, to consider seriously and deeply within himself, what he means simply by these two words, God and his own Soul ;

and whether he finds that visible shape and true existence are here also one and the same?

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS: GOETHE'S "HELENA"

14. Reading. We have not *read* an author till we have seen his object, whatever it may be, as *he* saw it. Is it a matter of reasoning, and has he reasoned stupidly and falsely? We should understand the circumstances which, to his mind, made it seem true, or persuaded him to write it, knowing that it was not so. In any other way we do him injustice if we judge him. Is it of poetry? His words are so many symbols, to which we ourselves must furnish the interpretation; or they remain, as in all prosaic minds the words of poetry ever do, a dead letter: indications they are, barren in themselves, but, by following which, we also may reach, or approach, that Hill of Vision where the poet stood, beholding the glorious scene which it is the purport of his poem to show others.

15. Magic. The day of Magic is gone by; Witchcraft has been put a stop to by act of parliament. But the mysterious relations which it emblemed still continue; the Soul of Man still fights with the dark influences of Ignorance, Misery and Sin; still lacerates itself, like a captive bird, against the iron limits which necessity has drawn round it: still follows False Shows, seeking peace and good on paths where no peace or good is to be found.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS: GOËTHE

16. Fame and Merit. Fame, we may understand, is no sure test of merit, but only a probability of

such: it is an accident, not a property, of a man: like light, it can give little or nothing, but at most may show what is given; often it is but a false glare, dazzling the eyes of the vulgar, lending by casual extrinsic splendour the brightness and manifold glance of the diamond to pebbles of no value. A man is in all cases simply *the* man, of the same intrinsic worth and weakness, whether his worth and weakness lie hidden in the depths of his own consciousness, or be betrumpeted and beshouted from end to end of the habitable globe.

17. Popular and Original. The popular man, and the man of true, at least of great originality, are seldom one and the same; we suspect that, till after a long struggle on the part of the latter, they are never so. Reasons are obvious enough. The popular man stands on our own level, or a hairsbreadth higher; he shows us a truth which we can see without shifting our present intellectual position. This is a highly convenient arrangement. The original man, again, stands above us; he wishes to wrench us from our old fixtures, and elevate us to a higher and clearer level: but to quit our old fixtures, especially if we have sat in them with moderate comfort for some score or two of years, is no such easy business; accordingly we demur, we resist, we even give battle; we still suspect that he is above us, but try to persuade ourselves (Laziness and Vanity earnestly assenting) that he is below.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS

18. CUI BONO

What is Hope? A smiling rainbow
 Children follow through the wet;
 'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder:
 Never urchin found it yet.

What is Life ? A thawing iceboard
 On a sea with sunny shore ;—
 Gay we sail ; it melts beneath us ;
 We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is Man ? A foolish baby,
 Vainly strives, and fights, and frets ;
 Demanding all, deserving nothing ;—
 One small grave is what he gets.

19.

TODAY

So here hath been dawning
 Another blue Day
 Think wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
 This new Day is born ;
 Into Eternity,
 At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
 No eye ever did ;
 So soon it forever
 From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
 Another blue Day :
 Think wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away ?

x

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS : BURNS

20. **Hero Unrecognised.** No man, it has been said, is a hero to his valet ; and this is probably true ; but the fault is at least as likely to be the valet's as the hero's. For it is certain, that to the vulgar eye few

things are wonderful that are not distant. It is difficult for men to believe that the man, the mere man whom they see, may perhaps painfully feel, toiling at their side through the poor jostlings of existence, can be made of finer clay than themselves.

✓ **21. Biography.** If an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did coexisting circumstances modify him from without; how did he modify these from within? With what endeavours and what efficacy rule over them; with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions, in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in Biography.

22. Conqueror and Poet. Conquerors are a class of men with whom, for most part, the world could well dispense; nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathising loftiness and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons inspire us in general with any affection; at best it may excite amazement; and their fall, like that of a pyramid, will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true Poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the 'Eternal Melodies,' is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation: we see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us; and we mourn his death as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

23. Robert Burns. (Born near Ayr, January 25th, 1759 ; died at Dumfries, July 21st, 1796.) Poverty is indeed his companion, but Love also, and Courage ; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart : and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul ; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness, which too often degenerates into pride ; yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not for offence ; no cold suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The Peasant Poet bears himself, we might say, like a King in exile : he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest ; yet claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel, the supercilious he can subdue ; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him ; there is a fire in that dark eye, under which the ' insolence of condescension ' cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of Poetry and Manhood. . . .

The excellence of Burns is among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose ; but, at the same time, it is plain and easily recognised : his *Sincerity*, his indisputable air of Truth. . . . In addition to its Sincerity, it (his poetry) has another peculiar merit which indeed is but a mode, or perhaps a means, of the foregoing : this displays itself in his choice of subjects ; or rather in his indifference as to subjects, and the power he has of making all subjects interesting. . . .

Independently of the clear, manly, heartfelt sentiment that ever pervades *his* poetry, his songs are honest in another point of view : in form, as well as in spirit. They do not *affect* to be set to music, but

they actually and in themselves are music ; they have received their life, and fashioned themselves together, in the medium of Harmony, as Venus rose from the bosom of the sea. The story, the feeling, is not detailed, but suggested ; not *said*, or spouted, in rhetorical completeness and coherence : but *sung*, in fitful gushes, in glowing hints, in fantastic breaks. in *warblings* not of the voice only, but of the whole mind. . . .

Properly speaking, there is but one era in the life of Burns, and that the earliest. We have not youth and manhood, but only youth : for, to the end, we discern no decisive change in the complexion of his character ; in his thirty-seventh year, he is still, as it were, in youth. With all that resoluteness of judgment, that penetrating insight, and singular maturity of intellectual power, exhibited in his writings, he never attains to any clearness regarding himself ; . . . To the last, he wavers between two purposes : glorying in his talent, like a true poet, he yet cannot consent to make this his chief and sole glory, and to follow it as the one thing needful, through poverty or riches, through good or evil report. Another far meaner ambition still cleaves to him ; he must dream and struggle about a certain 'Rock of Independence' ; which, natural and even admirable as it might be, was still but a warring with the world, on the comparatively insignificant ground of his being more completely or less completely supplied with money than others ; of his standing at a higher or at a lower altitude in general estimation than others. . . .

24. Earnestness. To every poet, to every writer, we might say : Be true, if you would be believed. Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart ; and other men, so strangely are we all

knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker, or below him ; but in either case, his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us ; for in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.

25. Poetry. Poetry is no separate faculty, no organ which can be superadded to the rest, or disjoined from them ; but rather the result of their general harmony and completion. The feelings, the gifts that exist in the Poet are those that exist, with more or less development, in every human soul ; the imagination, which shudders at the Hell of Dante, is the same faculty, weaker in degree, which called that picture into being. How does the Poet speak to men with power, but by being still more man than they ?

26. Man and his Circumstances. Seldom is a life morally wrecked but the grand cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement, some want less of good fortune than of good guidance. Nature fashions no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration ; least of all does she so neglect her masterpiece and darling, the poetic soul. Neither can we believe that it is in the power of *any* external circumstances utterly to ruin the mind of a man ; nay if proper wisdom be given him, even so much as to affect its essential health and beauty. The sternest sum-total of all worldly misfortunes is Death ; nothing more *can* lie in the cup of human woe ; yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over Death, and led it captive ; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves, into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved.

27. Judgment of Character. The world is habitually

unjust in its judgments [of the public moral character] of such men [as Burns] ; unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance : It decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes ; and not positively but negatively, less on what is done right, than on what is or is not done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the *ratio* of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system ; or it may be a city hippodrome : nay the circle of a ginhorse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured ; and it is assumed that the diameter of the ginhorse, and that of the planet, will yield the same ratio when compared with them ! Here lies the root of many a blind, cruel, condemnation of Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which one never listens to with approval. Granted, the ship comes into harbour with shrouds and tackle damaged ; the pilot is blameworthy ; he has not been all-wise and all-powerful : but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the Globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS : VOLTAIRE

28. Influence. We know not what we are, any more than what we shall be. It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end ! What is done ; has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working Universe, and will also work there, for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time. But the life of every man is as the

knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker, or below him ; but in either case, his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us ; for in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.

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wellspring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose ulterior course and destination, only the Omniscient can discern. Will it mingle with neighbouring rivulets, as a tributary ; or receive them as their sovereign ? Is it to be a nameless brook, and will its tiny waters, among millions of other brooks and rills, increase the current of some world-river ? Or is it to be itself a Rhene or Danaw, whose goings-forth are to the uttermost lands, its flood an everlasting boundary-line on the globe itself, the bulwark and highway of whole kingdoms and continents ? We know not ; only in either case, we know, its path is to the great ocean ; its waters, were they but a handful, are *here*, and cannot be annihilated or permanently held back.

✓ **29. Thought.** Not by material, but by moral power, are men and their actions governed. How noiseless is thought ! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, or immeasurable tumult of baggage-waggon, attends its movements ; in what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating, which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority ; for Kings and Emperors will be among its ministering servants ; it will rule not over, but *in*, all heads, and with these its solitary combinations of ideas, as with magic formulas, bend the world to its will ! The time may come, when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than for his battles ; and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute.

30. Love and Ridicule. The faculty of love, of admiration, is to be regarded as the sign and the measure of high souls : unwisely directed, it leads to many evils ; but without it there cannot be any good. Ridicule, on the other hand, is indeed a faculty much prized by its possessors ; yet, intrinsically, it is a

small faculty; we may say, the smallest of all faculties that other men are at the pains to repay with any esteem. It is directly opposed to Thought, to Knowledge, properly so called; its nourishment and essence is Denial, which hovers only on the surface, while Knowledge dwells far below. Moreover it is by nature selfish and morally trivial; it cherishes nothing but our Vanity, which may in general be left safely enough to shift for itself. Little 'discourse of reason,' in any sense, is implied in Ridicule: a scoffing man is in no lofty mood, for the time; shows more of the imp than of the angel. This too when his scoffing is what we call just, and has some foundation on truth; while again the laughter of fools, that vain sound said in Scripture to resemble the 'crackling of thorns under the pot' (which they cannot heat, but only soil and begrime), must be regarded, in these latter times, as a very serious addition to the sum of human wretchedness.

31. François Marie Arouet de Voltaire (1694-1778).

With Voltaire . . . mockery has grown to be the irresistible bias of his disposition; so that for him, in all matters, the first question is, not what is true, but what is false; not what is to be loved, and held fast, and earnestly laid to heart, but what is to be contemned, and derided, and sportfully cast out of doors. Here truly he earns abundant triumph as an image-breaker, but pockets little real wealth. Vanity, with its adjuncts, as we have said, finds rich solacement; but for aught better there is not much. Reverence, the highest feeling that man's nature is capable of, the crown of his whole moral manhood, and precious, like fine gold, were it in the rudest form, he seems not to understand, or have heard of even by credible tradition. The glory of knowing and believing is all but a stranger to him; only with that of questioning and qualifying is he familiar.

Accordingly, he sees but a little way into Nature : the mighty All, in its beauty, and infinite mysterious grandeur, humbling the small *Me* into nothingness, has never even for moments been revealed to him ; only this or that other atom of it, and the differences and discrepancies of these two, has he looked into and noted. His theory of the world, his picture of man and man's life, is little ; for a Poet and Philosopher, even pitiful. Examine it in its highest developments, you find it an altogether vulgar picture ; simply a reflex, with more or fewer mirrors, of Self and the poor interests of Self. ' The Divine Idea, that which lies at the bottom of Appearance,' was never more invisible to any man. He reads History, not with the eye of a devout seer, or even of a critic ; but through a pair of mere anti-catholic spectacles. It is not a mighty drama, enacted on the theatre of Infinitude, with Suns for lamps, and Eternity as a background ; whose author is God, and whose purport and thousandfold moral lead us up to the ' dark with excess of light ' of the Throne of God ; but a poor wearisome debating-club dispute, spun through ten centuries, between the *Encyclopédie* and the *Sorbonne*. Wisdom or folly, nobleness or baseness, are merely superstitious or unbelieving : God's Universe is a larger Patrimony of St. Peter, from which it were well and pleasant to hunt out the Pope. . . .

. . . Voltaire was found to be without good claim to the title of philosopher ; and now, in literature, and for similar reasons, we find in him the same deficiencies. Here too it is not greatness, but the very extreme of expertness, that we recognise ; not strength, so much as agility ; not depth, but superficial extent.

32. Poet's object. The object of the Poet is, and must be, to ' instruct by pleasing,' yet not by pleasing this man and that man ; only by pleasing *man*, by

speaking to the pure nature of man, can any real 'instruction,' in this sense, be conveyed. . . . The deep, clear consciousness of one mind comes infinitely nearer it, than the loud outcry of a million that have no such consciousness; whose 'talk,' or whose 'babble,' but distracts the listener; and to most genuine Poets has, from of old, been in a great measure indifferent.

33. Happiness-principle. It is contended by many that our mere love of personal Pleasure, or Happiness as it is called, acting on every individual, with such clearness as he may easily have, will of itself lead him to respect the rights of others, and wisely employ his own; to fulfil, on a mere principle of economy, all the duties of a good patriot; so that, in what respects the State, or the mere social existence of mankind, Belief, beyond the testimony of the senses, and Virtue, beyond the very common Virtue of loving what is pleasant and hating what is painful, are to be considered as supererogatory qualifications, as ornamental, not essential. Many there are, on the other hand, who pause over this doctrine; cannot discover, in such a universe of conflicting atoms, any principle by which the whole shall cohere; for if every man's selfishness, infinitely-expansive, is to be hemmed-in only by the infinitely-expansive selfishness of every other man, it seems as if we should have a world of mutually-repulsive bodies with no centripetal force to bind them together; in which case, it is well known, they would, by and by, diffuse themselves over space, and constitute a remarkable Chaos, but no habitable Solar or Stellar System.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS: NOVALIS

34. Idealism. [It is] no argument against the Idealist to say that, since he denies the absolute

existence of Matter, he ought in conscience to deny its relative existence ; and plunge over precipices, and run himself through with swords, by way of recreation, since these, like all other material things, are only phantasms and spectra, and therefore of no consequence. . . . Yet herein lies Dr. Reid's great triumph over the Sceptics ; which is as good as no triumph whatever. For as to the argument which he and his followers insist on, it amounts only to this very plain consideration, that 'men naturally, and without reasoning, *believe* in the existence of Matter' ; and seems, philosophically speaking, not to have any value ; nay the introduction of it into Philosophy may be considered as an act of suicide on the part of that science, the life and business of which, that of '*interpreting* Appearances,' is hereby at an end. Curious it is, moreover, to observe how these Common-sense Philosophers . . . are themselves obliged to base their whole system on Mysticism, and a Theory ; on Faith, in short, and that of a very comprehensive kind ; the Faith, namely, either that man's Senses are themselves Divine, or that they afford not only an honest, but a *literal* representation of the workings of some Divinity. . . .

To a Transcendentalist, Matter has an existence, but only as a Phenomenon : were *we* not there, neither would it be there ; it is a mere Relation, or rather the result of a Relation between our living Souls and the great First Cause ; and depends for its apparent qualities on *our* bodily and mental organs : having itself *no* intrinsic qualities ; being, in the common sense of that word, Nothing. The tree is green and hard, not of its own natural virtue, but simply because my eye and my hand are fashioned so as to discern such and such appearances under such and such conditions. Nay, as an Idealist might say, even on the most popular grounds *must* it not be so ?

Bring a sentient Being, with eyes a little different, with fingers ten times harder than mine ; and to him that Thing which I call Tree shall be yellow and soft, as truly as to me it is green and hard. . . . There is, in fact, says Fichte, no Tree there ; but only a Manifestation of Power from something which is *not* I. . . .

If it be as Kant maintains, that the logical mechanism of the mind is arbitrary, so to speak, and might have been made different, it will follow, that all inductive conclusions, all conclusions of the Understanding, have only a relative truth, are true only for *us*, and *if* some other thing be true. Thus far Hume and Kant go together, in this branch of the enquiry ; but here occurs the most total, diametrical divergence between them. We allude to the recognition, by these Transcendentalists, of a higher faculty in man than Understanding ; of Reason (*Vernunft*), the pure, ultimate light of our nature ; wherein, as they assert, lies the foundation of all Poetry, Virtue, Religion ; things which are properly beyond the province of the Understanding, of which the Understanding *can* take no cognisance, except a false one. The elder Jacobi, who indeed is no Kantist, says once, we remember : ' It is the instinct of the Understanding to *contradict* Reason.' Admitting this last distinction and subordination, supposing it scientifically demonstrated, what numberless and weightiest consequences would follow from it alone ! . . . all true Christian Faith and Devotion, appear, so far as we can see, more or less included in this doctrine of the Transcendentalists ; under their several shapes, the essence of them all being what is here designated by the name Reason, and set forth as the true sovereign of man's mind.

85. Friedrich von Hardenberg, pseudonym 'Novalis.' (Born at Mansfield, Saxony, May 2nd 1772 ;

died at Dresden, Mar. 25th, 1801.) He comes before us as the most ideal of all Idealists. For him the material Creation is but an Appearance, a typical shadow in which the Deity manifests himself to man. Not only has the unseen world a reality, but the only reality: the rest being not metaphorically, but literally and in scientific strictness, 'a show'; in the words of the Poet, '*Schall und Rauch umnebelnd Himmels Gluth*, Sound and Smoke overclouding the Splendour of Heaven.' The Invisible World is near us; or rather it is here, in us and about us; were the fleshly coil removed from our Soul, the glories of the Unseen were even now around us; as the Ancients fabled of the Spheral Music. Thus, not in word only, but in truth, and sober belief, he feels himself encompassed by the Godhead; feels in every thought, that 'in Him he lives, moves and has his being.' . . . The aim of Novalis's whole Philosophy, we might say, is to preach and establish the Majesty of Reason, in that stricter sense—[the pure, ultimate light of our nature, wherein lies the foundation of all Poetry, Virtue, Religion]: to conquer for it all provinces of human thought, and everywhere reduce its vassal, Understanding, into fealty, the right and only useful relation for it. . . . His poems are breathings of a high devout soul, feeling always that here he has no home, but looking, as in clear vision, to a 'city that hath foundations.' He loves external Nature with a singular depth; nay, we might say, he reverences her, and holds unspeakable communings with her: for Nature is no longer dead, hostile Matter, but the veil and mysterious Garment of the Unseen; as it were, the Voice with which the Deity proclaims himself to man. These two qualities, his pure religious temper, and heartfelt love of Nature,—bring him into true poetic relation both with the spiritual and the material World, and perhaps constitute his chief

worth as a Poet ; for which art he seems to have originally a genuine, but no exclusive or even very decided endowment. His moral persuasions . . . derive themselves naturally enough from the same source. It is the morality of a man, to whom the Earth and all its glories are in truth a vapour and a Dream, and the Beauty of Goodness the *only real* possession. Poetry, Virtue, Religion, which for other men have but, as it were, a traditionary and imagined existence, are for him the everlasting basis of the Universe ; and all earthly acquirements, all with which Ambition, Hope, Fear, can tempt us to toil and sin, are in very deed but a picture of the brain, some reflex shadowed on the mirror of the Infinite, but in themselves air and nothingness. Thus, to live in that Light of Reason, to have, even while here and encircled with this Vision of Existence, our abode in that Eternal City, is the highest and sole duty of man.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS : SIGNS OF THE TIMES

36. Duty. Happy men are full of the present, for its bounty suffices them ; and wise men also, for its duties engage them. Our grand business undoubtedly is, not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies at hand.

Know'st thou *Yesterday*, its aim and reason ;
 Work'st thou well *Today*, for worthy things ?
 Calmly wait the *Morrow's* hidden season,
 Need'st not fear what hap soe'er it brings.

But man's 'large discourse of reason' *will* look 'before and after' ; and, impatient of the 'ignorant present time,' will indulge in anticipation far more

than profits him. Seldom can the unhappy be persuaded that the evil of the day is sufficient for it; and the ambitious will not be content with present splendour, but paints yet more glorious triumphs, on the cloud-curtain of the future.

37. Day ! The poorest Day that passes over us is the conflux of two Eternities; it is made up of currents that issue from the remotest Past, and flow onwards into the remotest Future. *

38. Mechanical Age. Were we required to characterise this age of ours by any single epithet, we should be tempted to call it, not an Heroical, Devotional, Philosophical, or Moral Age, but, above all others, the Mechanical Age. It is the Age of Machinery, in every outward and inward sense of that word; the age which, with its whole undivided might, forwards, teaches and practises the great art of adapting means to ends. . . . These things . . . are of deep import, and indicate a mighty change in our whole manner of existence. For the same habit regulates not our modes of action alone, but our modes of thought and feeling. Men are grown mechanical in head and in heart, as well as in hand. They have lost faith in individual endeavour, and in natural force, of any kind. Not for internal perfection, but for external combinations and arrangements, for institutions, constitutions,—for Mechanism of one sort or other, do they hope and struggle. Their whole efforts, attachments, opinions, turn on mechanism, and are of a mechanical character. . . . In fact, if we look deeper, we shall find that this faith in Mechanism has now struck its roots down into man's most intimate, primary sources of conviction; and is thence sending up, over his whole life and activity, innumerable stems,—fruit-bearing and poison-bearing. The truth is, men have lost their belief in the Invisible, and believe, and hope, and

work only in the Visible ; or, to speak in other words : This is not a Religious age. Only the material, the immediately practical, not the divine and spiritual, is important to us. The infinite, absolute character of Virtue has passed into a finite, conditional one ; it is no longer a worship of the Beautiful and Good ; but a calculation of the Profitable. Worship, indeed, in any sense, is not recognised among us, or is mechanically explained into Fear of pain, or Hope of pleasure. Our true Deity is Mechanism, It has subdued external Nature for us, and we think it will do all other things. We are Giants in physical power : in a deeper than Metaphorical sense, we are Titans, that strive, by heaping mountain on mountain, to conquer Heaven also. x

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS : RICHTER AGAIN

39. Mammon-worship. In place of a rightly-ordered heart, we strive only to exhibit a full purse ; and all pushing, rushing, elbowing on towards a false aim, the courtier's kibes are more and more galled by the toe of the peasant ; and on every side, instead of Faith, Hope and Charity, we have Neediness, Greediness and Vainglory ; all this is palpable enough. Fools that we are ! Why should we wear our knees to horn, and sorrowfully beat our breasts, praying day and night to Mammon, who, if he would even hear us, has almost nothing to give ? For, granting that the deaf brute-god were to relent for our sacrificings ; to change our gilt brass into solid gold, and instead of hungry actors of rich gentility, make us all in very deed Rothschild-Howards tomorrow, what good were it ? Are we not already denizens of this wondrous England, with its Shakspeares and

Hampdens ; nay, of this wondrous Universe, with its Galaxies and Eternities, and unspeakable Splendours, that we should so worry and scramble, and tear one another in pieces, for some acres (nay, still oftener, for the *show* of some acres), more or less of clay property, the largest of which properties, the Sutherland itself, is invisible even from the Moon ? Fools that we are ! To dig and bore like ground-worms in those acres of ours, even if we have acres ; and far from beholding and enjoying the heavenly Lights, not to know of them except by unheeded and unbelieved report ! Shall certain pounds sterling that we may have in the Bank of England, or the ghosts of certain pounds that we would fain seem to have, hide from us the treasures we are all born to in this the ' City of God ' ?

My inheritance how wide and fair ;
TIME is my estate, to TIME I'm heir !

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS : SCHILLER

40. Happiness and Welfare. If Happiness mean Welfare, there is no doubt but all men should and must pursue their Welfare, that is to say, pursue what is worthy of their pursuit. But if, on the other hand, Happiness mean, as for most men it does, ' agreeable sensations,' Enjoyment refined or not, then must we observe that there is a doubt ; or rather there is a certainty the other way. Strictly considered, this truth, that man has in him something higher than a Love of Pleasure, take Pleasure in what sense you will, has been the text of all true Teachers and Preachers, since the beginning of the world ; and in one or another dialect, we may hope, will continue to be preached and taught till the world end.

✓ 41. **Humour.** (Humour is properly the exponent of low things ; that which first renders them poetical to the mind. The man of Humour sees common life, even mean life, under the new light of sportfulness and love ; whatever has existence has a charm for him. Humour has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius.) He who wants it, be his other gifts what they may, has only half a mind ; an eye for what is above him, not for what is about him or below him. *

and on it
SARTOR RESARTUS *P. m. m. 1945*

42. **Thoughts on a great City.** " I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive," have we heard him [Teufelsdröckh] say, " and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down to the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all ; for, except the Schlosskirche weathercock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged-up in pouches of leather : there, topladen, and with four swift horses, rolls-in the country Baron and his household ; here, on timber-leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms ; a thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling-in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going ? *Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin* : From Eternity,

onwards to Eternity ! These are Apparitions : what else ? Are they not Souls rendered visible : in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air ? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense ; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels and feather in its crown, is but of Today, without a Yesterday or a Tomorrow ; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengist and Horsa overran thy Island ? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being : watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more ! ”

“ *Ach mein Lieber !* ” said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, “ it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire ? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest ; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her ; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad : that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven ! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid ! The joyful and the sorrowful are there ; men are dying there, men are being born ; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing ; and around them all is vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed

saloons, or reposes within damask curtains ; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw : in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains ; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready ; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders : the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts ; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow : comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein* ?—their gallows must even now be o'building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers, lie round us, in horizontal positions ; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishlest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame ; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them ;—crammed in like salted fish in their barrel ;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its *head above* the others : *such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane !—But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all ; I am alone with the Stars."

43. Potency of Great Inventions. He who first shortened the labour of Copyists by device of *Movable*

Types was disbanding hired Armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new Democratic world; he had invented the Art of Printing. The first ground handful of Nitre, Sulphur, and Charcoal drove Monk Schwartz's pestle through the ceiling: what will the last do? Achieve the final undisputed prostration of Force under Thought, of Animal courage under Spiritual. A simple invention it was in the old-world Grazier,—sick of lugging his slow Ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil,—to take a piece of leather, and thereon scratch or stamp the mere Figure of an Ox (or *Pecus*); put it in his pocket, and call it *Pecunia*, Money. Yet hereby did Barter grow Sale, the Leather Money is now Golden and Paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled: for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts; and whoso has sixpence is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him,—to the length of sixpence.—Clothes too, which began in foolishlest love of Ornament, what have they not become! Increased Security and pleasurable Heat soon followed: but what of these? Shame, divine Shame (*Schaam*, Modesty), as yet a stranger to the Anthropophagous bosom, arose there mysteriously under Clothes; a mystic grove-encircled shrine for the Holy in man. Clothes have made Men of us; they are threatening to make Clothes-screens of us.

44. Man a Tool-using Animal. Man is a Tool-using Animal. Weak in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of some half-square foot, insecurely enough; has to straddle out his legs, lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds! Three quintals are a crushing load for him; the steer of the meadow tosses him aloft, like a waste rag. Nevertheless he can use

Tools, can devise Tools: with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before him; he kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft paste; seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steeds. Nowhere do you find him without Tools; without Tools he is nothing, with Tools he is all.

* **45. Man and Philosophies.** Who am I; what is this Me? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance;—some embodied, visualised Idea in the Eternal Mind? *Cogito, ergo sum.* Also, poor Cogitator, this takes us but a little way. Sure enough, I am; and lately was not: but Whence? How? Where? The answer lies around, written in all colours and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature: but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning? We sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto; boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof: sounds and many-coloured visions flit round our sense; but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake! Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown? What are all your national Wars, with their Moscow Retreats, and sanguinary hate-filled Revolutions, but the Somnambulism of uneasy Sleepers? This Dreaming, this Somnambulism is what we on Earth call Life; wherein the most indeed undoubtingly wander.

as if they knew right hand from left ; yet they only are wise who know that they know nothing.

46. Metaphysics. Pity that all Metaphysics had hitherto proved so inexpressibly unproductive ! The secret of man's Being is still like the Sphinx's secret : a riddle that he cannot rede ; and for ignorance of which he suffers death, the worst death, a spiritual. What are your Axioms, and Categories, and Systems, and Aphorisms ? Words, words, High Air-castles are cunningly built of Words, the Words well bedded also in good Logic-mortar ; wherein, however, no Knowledge will come to lodge. *The whole is greater than the part* : how exceedingly true ! *Nature abhors a vacuum* : how exceedingly false and calumnious ! Again, *Nothing can act but where it is* : with all my heart ; only, WHERE is it ? Be not the slave of Words : is not the Distant, the Dead, while I love it, and long for it, and mourn for it, Here, in the genuine sense, as truly as the floor I stand on ? But that same Where, with its brother When, are from the first the master-colours of our Dream-grotto ; say rather, the Canvas (the warp and woof thereof) whereon all our Dreams and Life-visions are painted. Nevertheless, has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every climate and age, that the Where and When, so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions to thought ; that the Seer may discern them where they mount up out of the celestial Everywhere and Forever : have not all nations conceived their God as Omnipresent and Eternal ; as existing in a universal Here, an everlasting Now ? Think well, thou too wilt find that Space is but a mode of our human Sense, so likewise Time ; there is no Space and no Time : We are—we know not what ;—light-sparkles floating in the æther of Deity !

So that this so solid-seeming World, after all, were

but an air-image, our Me the only reality: and Nature, with its thousandfold production and destruction, but the reflex of our own inward Force, the "phantasy of our Dream"; or what the Earth-Spirit in *Faust* names it, *the living visible Garment of God*:

"In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion !
 Birth and Death,
 An infinite ocean ;
 A seizing and giving
 The fire of Living :
'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by."

Of twenty millions that have read and spouted this thunder-speech of the *Erdegeist*, are there yet twenty units of us that have learned the meaning thereof?

47. Wonder and Worship. The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), . . . is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye. Let those who have Eyes look through him, then he may be useful.

'Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism ; wilt walk through thy world by the sunshine of what thou callest Truth, or even by the hand-lamp of what I call Attorney-Logic ; and "explain" all, "account" for all, or believe nothing of it? Nay, thou wilt attempt laughter ; whoso recognises the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among our hands ; to whom the Universe is an Oracle and Temple, as well as a Kitchen and Cattlestall,—he shall be a delirious Mystic ; to him thou, with sniffing charity, wilt protrusively proffer thy hand-lamp, and shriek, as one injured, when he kicks his foot through it?—*Armer Teufel!* Doth not thy cow calf, doth not thy

bull gender? Thou thyself, wert thou not born, wilt thou not die? "Explain" me all this, or do one of two things: retire into private places with thy foolish cackle; or, what were better, give it up, and weep, not that the reign of wonder is done, and God's world all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou hitherto art a Dilettante and sandblind Pedant.'

48. Emblems.¹ All visible things are emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken, is not there at all: Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and *body* it forth. Hence Clothes, as despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes from the King's mantle downwards, are emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven: must not the Imagination weave Garments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of our Reason are, like Spirits, revealed, and first become all-powerful;—the rather if, as we often see, the Hand too aid her, and (by wool Clothes or otherwise) reveal such even to the outward eye? . . . whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a season, and to be laid off.

49. Obedience. Obedience is our universal duty and destiny; wherein whoso will not bend must break: too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that Would, in this world of ours, is as mere zero to Should, and for most part as the smallest of fractions even to Shall.

50. Love. If in youth the Universe is majestically unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself on Earth, nowhere to the Young Man does this Heaven on Earth so immediately reveal itself as in the Young

¹ See Note 1.

Maiden.. Strangely enough, in this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed. On the whole . . . a Person is ever holy to us; a certain orthodox Anthropomorphism connects *Me* with all *Thees* in bonds of Love: but it is in this approximation of the Like and Unlike, that such heavenly attraction, as between Negative and Positive, first burns-out into a flame. Is the pitifullest mortal Person, think you, indifferent to us? Is it not rather our heartfelt wish to be made one with him; to unite him to us, by gratitude, by admiration, even by fear; or failing all these, unite ourselves to him? But how much more, in this case of the Like-Unlike! Here is conceded us the higher mystic possibility of such a union the highest in our Earth; thus, in the conducting medium of Fantasy, flames-forth that *fire-development of the universal Spiritual Electricity*, which, as unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically denominate Love. ✱

51. Pleasure and Virtue. Foolish Wordmonger and Motive-grinder, who in thy Logic-mill hast an earthly mechanism for the Godlike itself, and wouldst fain grind me out Virtue from the husks of Pleasure,—I tell thee, Nay! To the unregenerate Prometheus Vinctus of a man, it is ever the bitterest aggravation of his wretchedness that he is conscious of Virtue, that he feels himself the victim not of suffering only, but of injustice. What then? Is the heroic inspiration we name Virtue but some Passion; some bubble of the blood, bubbling in the direction others *profit* by? I know not: only this I know, If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray. With Stupidity and sound Digestion man may front much. But what, in these dull unimaginative days, are the terrors of Conscience to the diseases of the Liver! Not on Morality, but on Cookery, let us build our stronghold: there brandish-

ing our frying-pan, as censor, let us offer sweet incense to the Devil, and live at ease on the fat things *he* has provided for his Elect !

52. Capability and Performance. The painfullest feeling is that of your own Feebleness ; ever, as the English Milton says, to be weak is the true misery. And yet of your Strength there is and can be no clear feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by what you have done. Between vague wavering Capability and fixed indubitable Performance, what a difference ! A certain inarticulate Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us ; which only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible Precept, *Know thyself* ; till it be translated into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at*.

53. Books. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true Book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair ; more like a tilled field, but then a spiritual field ; like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have Books that already number some hundred-and-fifty ages) ; and yearly comes its new produce of leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems ; or were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic Essays), every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-burner ! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor ; but of the true sort, namely over the Devil : thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing City of the Mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic

Mount, whereto all kindreds of the Earth will pilgrim. —Fool ! why journeyest thou wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervour, to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara ? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly enough, for the last three-thousand years : but canst thou not open thy Hebrew Bible, then, or even Luther's Version thereof ?

54. Unhappiness. Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness ; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in jointstock company, to make one Shoebblack HAPPY ? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two : for the Shoebblack also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach ; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no less : *God's infinite Universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose.

55. Happiness and Blessedness. There is in man a Higher than Love of Happiness : he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness ! Was it not to preach-forth this same Higher that sages and Martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered ; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom ? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught ; O Heavens ! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it ! O, thank thy Destiny for these ; thankfully bear what yet remain : thou hadst need of them ; the Self in thee needed to

be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure ; love God *

56. Symbols.¹ In the Symbol proper, what we can call a Symbol, there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite ; the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible, and as it were, attainable there. By Symbols, accordingly, is man guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed with Symbols, recognised as such or not recognised : the Universe is but one vast Symbol of God ; nay if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a Symbol of God ; is not all that he does Symbolical ; a revelation to Sense of the mystic god-given force that is in him ; a " Gospel of Freedom," which he, the " Messiah of Nature," preaches, as he can, by act and word ? Not a Hut he builds but is the visible embodiment of a Thought ; but bears visible record of invisible things ; but is, in the transcendental sense, symbolical as well as real.

It is in and through *Symbols* that man, consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his being : those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest which can the best recognise symbolical worth, and prize it the highest. For is not a Symbol ever, to him who has eyes for it, some dimmer or clearer revelation of the Godlike ?

Of Symbols, however, I remark farther, that they have both an extrinsic and intrinsic value ; oftenest the former only. What, for instance, was in that clouted Shoe, which the Peasants bore aloft with them as ensign in their *Bauernkrieg* (Peasants' War) ? Or in the Wallet-and-staff round which the Nether-

¹ See Note 1.

land *Gueux*, glorying in that nickname of Beggars, heroically rallied and prevailed, though against Phillip himself? Intrinsic significance these had none: only extrinsic; as the accidental Standards of multitudes more or less sacredly uniting together; in which union itself, as above noted, there is ever something mystical and borrowing of the Godlike. . . . Nevertheless through all these there glimmers something of a Divine Idea; as through military Banners themselves, the Divine Idea of Duty, of heroic Daring; in some instances of Freedom, of Right. Nay the highest ensign that men ever met and embraced under, the Cross itself, had no meaning save an accidental extrinsic one.

Another matter it is, however, when your Symbol has intrinsic meaning, and is of itself *fit* that men should unite round it. Let but the Godlike manifest itself to Sense; let but Eternity look, more or less visibly, through the Time-Figure (*Zeitbild*)! Then is it fit that men unite there; and worship together before such Symbol; and so from day to day, and from age to age, superadd to it new divineness.

Of this latter sort are all true Works of Art: . . . Highest of all Symbols are those wherein the Artist or Poet has risen into Prophet, and all men can recognise a present God, and worship the same: I mean religious Symbols. . . .

But, on the whole, as Time adds much to the sacredness of Symbols, so likewise in his progress he at length defaces, or even desecrates them; and Symbols, like all terrestrial Garments, wax old. For all things have their rise, their culmination, their decline.

Of this thing, however, be certain: wouldst thou plant for Eternity, then plant into the deep infinite faculties of man, his Fantasy and Heart; wouldst thou plant for Year and Day, then plant into his shallow superficial faculties, his Self-love and Arith-

metical Understanding, what will grow there. A Hierarch, therefore, and Pontiff of the World will we call him, the Poet and inspired Maker; who, Prometheus-like, can shape new Symbols, and bring new Fire from Heaven to fix it there. Such too will not always be wanting; neither perhaps now are. Meanwhile, as the average of matters goes, we account him Legislator and wise who can so much as tell when a Symbol has grown old, and gently remove it.

57. Imaginative Faculty. Not our Logical, Mensurative faculty, but our Imaginative one is King over us; I might say, Priest and Prophet to lead us Heavenward; or Magician and Wizard to lead us hellward, Nay, even for the basest Sensualist, what is sense, but the implement of Fantasy; the vessel it drinks out of? Ever in the dullest existence there is a sheen either of Inspiration or of Madness (thou partly hast it in thy choice, which of the two), that gleams-in from the circumambient Eternity, and colours with its own hues our little islet of Time. The Understanding is indeed thy window, too clear thou canst not make it; but Fantasy is thy eye, with its colour-giving retina, healthy or diseased.

58. Whom to Honour. Two men I honour and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript, on

whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour : and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on : *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread. ✕

A second man I honour, and still more highly : Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable ; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty ; endeavouring towards inward Harmony ; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low ? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavours are one : when we can name him Artist ; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us ! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality ?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour : all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

59. Society and the Social Idea. Call ye that a Society . . . where there is no longer any Social Idea extant ; not so much as the Idea of a common Home, but only of a common over-crowded Lodging-house ? Where each, isolated, regardless of his neighbour, turned against his neighbour, clutches what he can get, and cries " Mine ! " and calls it Peace, because, in the cut-purse and cut-throat Scramble, no steel knives, but only a far cunninger sort, can be employed ? Where Friendship, Communion, has become an incredible tradition ; and your holiest Sacramental Supper is a smoking Tavern Dinner, with Cook for Evangelist ? Where your Priest has

no tongue but for plate-licking ; and your high Guides and Governors cannot guide ; but on all hands hear it passionately proclaimed : *Laissez faire* : Leave us alone of *your* guidance, such light is darker than darkness ; eat you your wages, and sleep !

60. Mankind a Living Whole. Yes, truly, if Nature is one, and a living indivisible whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects and creates Nature, without which Nature were not. As palpable life-streams in that wondrous Individual Mankind, among so many life-streams that are not palpable, flow on those main-currents of what we call Opinion ; as preserved in Institutions, Politics, Churches, above all in Books. Beautiful it is to understand and know that a Thought did never yet die ; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest ; that the Wise Man stands ever encompassed, and spiritually embraced, by a cloud of witnesses and brothers ; and there is a living, literal *Communion of Saints*, wide as the World itself, and as the History of the World.

Noteworthy also, and serviceable for the progress of this same Individual, wilt thou find his subdivisions into Generations. Generations are as the Days of toilsome Mankind : Death and Birth are the vesper and the matin bells, that summon Mankind to sleep, and to rise refreshed for new advancement. What the Father has made, the Son can make and enjoy ; but has also work of his own appointed him. . . . Find Mankind where thou wilt, thou findest it in living movement, in progress faster or slower : the Phoenix soars aloft, hovers with outstretched wings, filling Earth with her music ; or, as now, she sinks,

and with spherul swan-song immolates herself in flame that she may soar the higher and sing the clearer.

61. Miracles. Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles, . . . far deeper perhaps than we imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions were: What specially is a Miracle? To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle has been a miracle; whoso had carried with him an air-pump, and vial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my Horse, again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical "*Open sesame*"! every time I please to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut Turnpike?

"But is not a Miracle simply a violation of the Laws of Nature?" ask several. Whom I answer by this new question: What are the Laws of Nature? To me perhaps the rising of the dead were no violation of these Laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material Force. . . .

"But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be constant?" cries an illuminated class: "Is not the Machine of the Universe fixed to move by unalterable rules?" Probable enough, good friends: nay I, too, must believe that the God, whom ancient inspired men assert to be "without variableness or shadow of turning," does indeed never change; that Nature, that the Universe, which no one whom it so pleases can be prevented from calling a Machine, does move by most unalterable rules. And now of you, too, I make the old enquiry: What those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute-Book of Nature, may possibly be?

They stand written in our Works of Science, say you: in the accumulated records of Man's Experience?—Was Man with his Experience present at the

Creation, then, to see how it all went on? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the Universe, and gauged everything there? Did the Maker take them into his counsel; that they read His groundplan of the incomprehensible All; and can say, This stands marked therein, and no more than this? Alas, not in anywise! These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are; have seen some hand-breadths deeper than we see into the Deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

✓ **62. One-ness of Nature.**¹ The course of Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us: but who knows what deeper courses these depend on: what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on? To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may have become familiar; but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents, the Trade-winds, and Monsoons, and Moon's Eclipses; by all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (*unmiraculously* enough), be quite upset and reversed? Such a Minnow is Man; his Creek this Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his Monsoons and Periodic Currents the Mysterious Course of Providence through *Æons* of *Æons*.

63. Custom. Custom doth make dotards of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is the greatest of Weavers; and weaves air-raiment for all the Spirits of the Universe; whereby indeed these dwell with us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses and workshops; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the most, forever hidden. Philosophy complains that Custom has hoodwinked us, from the

¹ See Note 2.

first ; that we do everything by Custom, even Believe by it ; that our very Axioms, let us boast of Free-thinking as we may, are oftenest simply such Beliefs as we have never heard questioned. Nay, what is Philosophy throughout but a continual battle against Custom ; an ever-renewed effort to *transcend* the sphere of blind Custom, and so become Transcendental ?

64. Space and Time.¹ [The] deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding Wonder, as for many other ends, are your two grand fundamental world-enveloping Appearances, Space and Time. These, as spun and woven for us from before Birth itself, to clothe our celestial Me for dwelling here, and yet to blind it,—lie all-embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and woof, whereby all minor Illusions, in this Phantasm Existence, weave and paint themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavour to strip them off ; you can, at best, but rend them asunder for moments, and look through.

. . . Is the Past annihilated or only past ; is the Future non-extant, or only future ? Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer : already through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of Tomorrow roll up ; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there : that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God ; that with God as it is a universal Here so is it an everlasting Now.

And seest thou therein any glimpse of Immor-

¹ See Note 3.

talities?—O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion! Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are Here mysteriously, with God!—Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, is even now and forever. This, should it unhappily seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries: believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.

That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, wherein, once for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should condition and determine our whole Practical reasonings, conceptions, and imagings, seems altogether fit, just, and unavoidable. But that they should, furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual Meditation, and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying close on us, seems nowise so. Admit Space and Time to their due rank as Forms of Thought; nay even, if thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of Realities: and consider, then, with thyself how their thin disguises hide from us the brightest God-effulgences! Thus, were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my hand and clutch the Sun? Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my hand and therewith clutch many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown baby, then, to fancy that the Miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight; and not to see that the true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all; that I have free Force to clutch aught therewith? Innumerable

other of this sort are the deceptions, and wonder-hiding stupefactions, which Space practises on us. ✕

Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand anti-magician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same lying Time. Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone. . . . Sweep away the Illusion of Time ; glance if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far-distant Mover : The stroke that came transmitted through a galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying ? O, could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial wonder ! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God ; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish. || = mystic

Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost ? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one ; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor ! Did he never, with the mind's eye as well as with the body's, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved ; did he never so much as look into Himself ? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish ; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time ; compress the threescore years into three

minutes : what else was he, what else are we ? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance ; and that fade away again into air and Invisibility ? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact* : we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions ; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity ; and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls ? And Again, do not we squeak and jibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debatings and recriminatings) ; and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful ; or uproar, and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still Home ; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day ? Where now is Alexander of Macedon : does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him ; or have they vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must ? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns ! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt ; which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away ?—Ghosts ! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the Earth openly at noontide ; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him ; but are, in very deed, Ghosts ! These Limbs, whence had we them ; this stormy Force ; this life-blood ; with its burning Passion ? They are dust and shadow ; a Shadow-system gathered round our Me ; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes ; force dwells in his arm and heart : but

warrior and war-horse are a vision ; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance : fool ! the Earth is but a film ; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's ? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not ; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not. •

So it has been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body ; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends : one grinding in the mill of Industry ; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science ; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow :—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled ; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious Mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane ; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth ; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage : can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive ? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped-in ; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence ?—O Heaven, whither ? Sense knows not ; Faith knows not ; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God to God.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS :
CHARACTERISTICS

65. Consciousness. ' Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth ' : whisper not to thy own heart, How worthy is this action !—for then it is already becoming worthless. The good man is he who *works* continually in welldoing ; to whom well-doing is as his natural existence, awakening no astonishment, requiring no commentary ; but there, like a thing of course, and as if it could not be but so. Self-contemplation, on the other hand, is infallibly the symptom of disease, be it or be it not the sign of cure. An unhealthy Virtue is one that consumes itself to leanness in repenting and anxiety ; or, still worse, that inflates itself into dropsical boastfulness and vainglory : either way, there is self-seeking ; an unprofitable looking behind us to measure the way we have made : whereas the sole concern is to walk continually forward, and make more way. If in any sphere of man's life, then in the Moral sphere, as the inmost and most vital of all, it is good that there be wholeness ; that there be unconsciousness, which is the evidence of this. Let the free, reasonable Will, which dwells in us, as in our Holy of Holies, be indeed free, and obeyed like a Divinity, as is its right and its effort : the perfect obedience will be the silent one.

66. Man and Society. It is in Society that man first feels what he is ; first becomes what he can be. In Society an altogether new set of spiritual activities are evolved in him, and the old immeasurably quickened and strengthened. Society is the genial element wherein his nature first lives and grows ; the solitary man were but a small portion of himself, and must continue, forever folded in, stunted and only

half alive. 'Already,' says a deep Thinker, with more meaning than will disclose itself at once, 'my opinion, my conviction, gains *infinitely* in strength and sureness, the moment a second mind has adopted it.' Such, even in its simplest form, is association; so wondrous the communion of soul with soul as directed to the mere act of Knowing! In other higher acts, the wonder is still more manifest; as in that portion of our being which we name the Moral: for properly, indeed, all communion is of a moral sort, whereof such intellectual communion (in the act of knowing) is itself an example. But with regard to Morals strictly so called, it is in Society, we might almost say, that Morality begins; here at least it takes an altogether new form, and on every side, as in living growth, expands itself. The Duties of Man to himself, to what is Highest in himself, make but the First Table of the Law: to the First Table is now superadded a Second, with the Duties of Man to his Neighbour; whereby also the significance of the First now assumes its true importance. Man has joined himself with man; soul acts and reacts on soul; a mystic miraculous unfathomable Union establishes itself; Life in all its elements, has become intensated, consecrated.

67. Ideas. Every Society, every Polity, has a spiritual principle; is the embodiment, tentative and more or less complete, of an Idea: all its tendencies of endeavour, specialties of custom, its laws, politics and whole procedure (as the glance of some Montesquieu, across innumerable superficial entanglements, can partly decipher), are prescribed by an Idea, and flow naturally from it, as movements from the living source of motion. This Idea, be it of devotion to a man or class of men, to a creed, to an institution, or even, as in more ancient times, to a piece of land, is ever a true Loyalty; has in it something of a religious, paramount, quite infinite character; it is

properly the Soul of the State, its Life ; mysterious as other forms of Life, and like these working secretly, and in a depth beyond that of consciousness.

68. Metaphysics.¹ There is no more fruitless endeavour than this, which the Metaphysician proper toils in ; to educe Conviction out of Negation. How, by merely testing and rejecting what is not, shall we ever attain knowledge of what is ? Metaphysical Speculation, as it begins in No or Nothingness, so it must needs end in Nothingness ; circulates and must circulate in endless vortices ; creating, swallowing—*itself*. Our being is made up of Light and Darkness, the Light resting on the Darkness, and balancing it ; everywhere there is Dualism, Equipose ; a perpetual Contradiction dwells in us : ‘ where shall I place myself to escape from my own shadow ? ’ Consider it well, Metaphysics is the attempt of the mind to rise above the mind ; to environ and shut in, or as we say, *comprehend* the mind. Hopeless struggle, for the wisest, as for the foolish ! What strength of sinew, or athletic skill, will enable the stoutest athlete to fold his own body in his arms, and, by lifting, lift up *himself* ? ✕

REMINISCENCES : JAMES CARLYLE

69. James Carlyle, Carlyle’s father (1758–1832). The Force that had been lent my Father he honourably expended in manful well-doing : a portion of this Planet bears beneficent traces of his strong Hand and strong Head ; nothing that he undertook to do but he did it faithfully and like a true man. I shall look on the Houses he built with a certain proud interest : they stand firm and sound to the heart, all over his little district : no one that comes after him will ever

¹ See Note 2.

say, Here was the finger of a hollow Eye-servant. They are little texts, for me, of the Gospel of man's Free-will. Nor will his Deeds and Sayings, in any case, be found unworthy, not false and barren, but genuine and fit. Nay am not I also the humble James Carlyle's work? I owe him much more than existence; I owe him a noble inspiring example (now that I can read it in that rustic character); it was he *exclusively* that determined on *educating* me, that from his small hard-earned funds, sent me to School and College; and made me whatever I am or may become. Let me not mourn for my Father; let me do worthily of him: so shall he still live, even Here, in me; and his worth plant itself honourably forth into new generations. . . .

In several respects, I consider my Father as one of the most interesting men I have known. He was a man of perhaps *the* very largest natural endowment of any it has been my lot to converse with: none of us will ever forget that bold glowing style of his, flowing free from the untutored Soul; full of metaphors (though he knew not what a metaphor was), with all manner of potent words (which he appropriated and applied with *surprising* accuracy, you often could not guess whence); brief, energetic; and which I should say conveyed the most perfect picture, definite, clear not in ambitious *colours* but in full *white* sunlight, of all the dialects I have ever listened to. Nothing did I ever hear him undertake to render visible, which did not become almost ocularly so. . . . I know Robert Burns, and I knew my Father; yet were you to ask me which had the greater natural faculty? I might perhaps actually pause before replying! Burns had an infinitely wider Education; my Father a far wholesomer: besides the one was a man of Musical Utterance, the other wholly a man of Action, even with Speech subservient thereto.

Never, of all the men I have seen, has one come personally in my way in whom the Endowment from Nature and the Arena from Fortune were so utterly out of all proportion. I have said this often ; and partly *know* it. As a man of Speculation (had Culture ever unfolded him) he must have gone wild and desperate as Burns : but he was a man of Conduct, and Work keeps all right. What strange shapeable creatures we are. . . .

. . . All rushes on ; man follows man ; his life is as a Tale that has been told. Yet under Time does there not lie Eternity ? Perhaps my Father, all that essentially *was* my Father is even now near me, with me. Both he and I are with God. Perhaps, if it so please God, we shall in some higher state of being meet one another, recognise one another : as it is written, " we shall be for ever with God ! " The possibility, nay (in some way) the certainty of perennial existence daily grows plainer to me. " The essence of whatever was, is, or shall be, even now *is*." God is great ; God is good : His will be done, for it will be right !

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS : BOSWELL'S JOHNSON

70. The ' Past.' Consider all that lies in that one word *Past* ! What a pathetic, sacred, in every sense *poetic*, meaning is implied in it : a meaning growing ever the clearer, the farther we recede in Time,—the *more* of that same Past we have to look through !—On which ground indeed must Sauerteig have built, and not without plausibility, in that strange thesis of his : ' That History, after all, is the true Poetry ; that Reality, if rightly interpreted, is grander than

Fiction ; nay that even in the right interpretation of Reality and History does genuine Poetry consist.'

71. Idle Speaking. The dishonest speaker, not he only who purposely utters falsehoods, but he who does not purposely, and with sincere heart, utter Truth, and Truth alone ; who babbles he knows not what, and has clapped no bridle on his tongue, but lets it run racket, ejecting chatter and futility,—is among the most indisputable malefactors omitted, or inserted, in the Criminal Calender. To him that will well consider it, idle speaking is precisely the beginning of all Hollowness, Halfness, *Infidelity* (want of Faithfulness) ; the genial atmosphere in which rank weeds of every kind attain the mastery over noble fruits in man's life, and utterly choke them out : one of the most crying maladies of these days, and to be testified against, and in all ways to the uttermost withstood. Wise, of a wisdom far beyond our shallow depth, was that old precept : *Watch thy tongue* ; out of it are the issues of Life ! ' Man is properly an *incarnated word* ' : the *word* that he speaks is the *man* himself. Were eyes put into our head, that we might see ; or only that we might fancy, and plausibly pretend, we had *seen* ? Was the tongue suspended there, that it might tell truly what we had seen, and make man the soul's-brother of man ; or only that it might utter vain sounds, jargon, soul-confusing, and so *divide* man, as by enchanted walls of Darkness, from union with man ? Thou who wearest that cunning, heaven-made organ, a Tongue, think well of this. Speak not, I passionately entreat thee, till thy thought hath silently matured itself, till thou have other than mad and mad-making noises to emit : *hold thy tongue* (thou hast it a-holding) till some meaning lie behind to set it wagging. Consider the Significance of Silence : it is boundless, never by meditating to be exhausted ; unspeakably profitable

to thee ! Cease that chaotic hubbub, wherein thy own soul runs to waste, to confused suicidal dislocation and stupor : out of Silence comes thy strength. 'Speech is silvern, Silence is golden ; Speech is human, Silence is divine.' Fool ! thinkest thou that because no Boswell is there with ass-skin and black-lead to note thy jargon, it therefore dies and is harmless ? Nothing dies, nothing can die. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all Eternity ! The Recording Angel, consider it well, is no fable, but the truest of truths : the paper tablets thou canst burn ; of the 'iron leaf' there is no burning. x

72. Great Men. [Amid the millions] are scattered here and there superior natures, whose eye is not destitute of free vision, nor their heart of free volition. These examine and determine, not what others do, but what it is right to do ; towards which, and which only, will they, with such force as is given them, resolutely endeavour : for if the Machine, living or inanimate, is merely *fed*, or desires to be fed, and so *works* ; the Person can *will*, and so *do*. These are properly our Men, our Great Men ; the guides of the dull host,—which follows them as by an irrevocable decree. They are the chosen of the world : they had this rare faculty not only of 'supposing' and 'inclining to think,' but of *knowing* and *believing* ; the nature of their being was, that they lived not by Hearsay, but by clear Vision ; while others hovered and swam along, in the grand Vanity-fair of the World, blinded by the mere Show of things, these saw into the Things themselves, and could walk as men having an eternal loadstar, and with their feet on sure patns. Thus was there a *Reality* in their existence ; something of a perennial character ; in virtue of which indeed it is that the memory of them is perennial. Whoso belongs only to his own age,

and reverences only *its* guilt Popinjays or soot-smeared Mumbojumbos, must needs die with it.

73. Samuel Johnson (1709–84.) If we ask . . . what quality of character the main phenomena of his Life may be most naturally deduced from, and his qualities most naturally subordinated to, in our conception of him, perhaps the answer were : The quality of Courage, of Valour ; that Johnson was a Brave Man. The Courage that can go forth, once and away, to Chalk-Farm, and have itself shot, and snuffed out, with decency, is nowise wholly what we mean here. Such courage we indeed esteem an exceeding small matter ; capable of coexisting with a life full of falsehood, feebleness, poltroonery and despicability. . . . The Courage we desire and prize is not the Courage to die decently, but to live manfully. This, when by God's grace it has been given, lies deep in the soul : like genial heat, fosters all other virtues and gifts ; without it they could not live. In spite of our innumerable Waterloos and Peterloos, and such campaigning as there has been, this Courage we allude to, is perhaps rarer in these last ages, than it has been in any other since the Saxon Invasion under Hengist. . . . Johnson, in the eighteenth century, and as Man of Letters, was one of such ; and, in good truth, 'the bravest of the brave.' What mortal could have more to war with ? Yet, as we saw, he yielded not, faltered not ; he fought, and even, such was his blessedness, prevailed. Whoso will understand what it is to have a man's heart may find that, since the time of John Milton, no braver heart had beat in any English bosom than Samuel Johnson now bore. Observe too that he never called himself brave, never felt himself to be so ; the more completely was so. No Giant Despair, no Golgotha Death-dance or Sorcerer's-Sabbath of 'Literary Life in London,' appals this pilgrim ; he works resolutely

for deliverance ; in still defiance steps stoutly along. The thing that is given him to do, he can make himself do ; what is to be endured, he can endure in silence.

Closely connected with this quality of Valour, partly as springing from it, partly as protected by it, are the more recognisable qualities of Truthfulness in word and thought, and Honesty in action. There is a reciprocity of influence here ; for as the realising of Truthfulness and Honesty is the life-light and great aim of Valour, so without Valour they cannot, in anywise, be realised. Now, in spite of all practical short-comings, no one that sees into the significance of Johnson will say that his prime object was not Truth. In conversation, doubtless, you may observe him, on occasion, fighting as if for Victory ;—and must pardon these ebulliences of a careless hour, which were not without temptation and provocation. Remark likewise two things : that such prize-arguings were ever on merely superficial debatable questions ; and then that they were argued generally by the fair laws of battle and logic-fence, by one cunning in that same. If their purpose was excusable, their effect was harmless, perhaps beneficial : that of taming noisy mediocrity, and showing it another side of a debatable matter ; to see *both* sides of which was, for the first time, to see the Truth of it. . . . Quite spotless, on the other hand, is Johnson's love of Truth, if we look at it as expressed in Practice, as what we have named Honesty of action. 'Clear your mind of Cant' ; *clear* it, throw Cant utterly away : such was his emphatic, repeated precept ; and did not he himself faithfully conform to it ? The Life of this man has been, as it were, turned inside out, and examined with microscopes by friend and foe ; yet was there no Lie found in him. His Doings and Writings are not *shows* but *performances* : you may weigh them in the balance, and they

will stand weight. Not a line, not a sentence is dishonestly done, is other than it pretends to be. . . .

That Mercy can dwell only with Valour, is an old sentiment or proposition ; which in Johnson again receives confirmation. Few men on record have had a more merciful, tenderly affectionate nature than old Samuel. -

74. Johnson and Hume. It is worthy of note that, in our little British Isle, the two grand Antagonisms of Europe should have stood embodied, under their very highest concentration, in two men produced simultaneously among ourselves. Samuel Johnson and David Hume, as was observed, were children nearly of the same year : [Johnson 1709-84 ; Hume 1711-76 ;] through life they were spectators of the same Life-movement ; often inhabitants of the same city. Greater contrast, in all things, between two great men, could not be. Hume, well-born, competently provided for, whole in body and mind, of his own determination forces a way into Literature ; Johnson : poor, moonstruck, diseased, forlorn, is forced into it ' with the bayonet of necessity at his back.' And what a part did they severally play there ! As Johnson became the father of all succeeding Tories ; so was Hume the father of all succeeding Whigs, for his own Jacobitism was but an accident, as worthy to be named Prejudice as any of Johnson's. Again, if Johnson's culture was exclusively English ; Hume's, in Scotland, became European ;—for which reason too we find his influence spread deeply over all quarters of Europe, traceable deeply in speculation, French, German, as well as domestic ; while Johnson's name, out of England, is hardly anywhere to be met with. In spiritual stature they are almost equal ; both great, among the greatest : yet how unlike in likeness ! Hume has the widest, methodising, comprehensive eye ; Johnson the keenest for

perspicacity and minute detail: so had, perhaps chiefly, their education ordered it. Neither of the two rose into Poetry; yet both to some approximation thereof: Hume to something of an Epic clearness and method, as in his delineation of the Commonwealth Wars; Johnson to many a deep Lyric tone of Plaintiveness and impetuous graceful power, scattered over his fugitive compositions. Both, rather to the general surprise, had a certain rugged Humour shining through their earnestness: the indication, indeed, that they were earnest men, and had subdued their wild world into a kind of temporary home and safe dwelling. Both were, by principle and habit, Stoics: yet Johnson with the greater merit, for he alone had very much to triumph over; farther, he alone ennobled his Stoicism into Devotion. To Johnson Life was a Prison, to be endured with heroic faith: to Hume it was little more than a foolish Bartholomew-Fair Show-booth, with the foolish crowdings and elbowings of which it was not worth while to quarrel; the whole would break up, and be at liberty, so *soon*. Both realised the highest task of Manhood, that of living like men; each died not unfitly, in his way: Hume as one, with factitious, half-false gaiety, taking leave of what was itself wholly but a Lie: Johnson as one, with awe-struck, yet resolute and piously expectant heart, taking leave of a Reality, to enter Reality still higher. Johnson had the harder problem of it, from first to last: whether, with some hesitation, we can admit that he was intrinsically the better-gifted, may remain undecided.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS: GOETHE'S WORKS

✓ 75. Goethe and Shakspeare, similarities. Of Goethe's spiritual Endowment, looked at on the

Intellectual side, we have (as indeed lies in the nature of things, for moral and intellectual are fundamentally one and the same) to pronounce that it is great among the very greatest. As the first gift of all, may be discerned here utmost Clearness, all-piercing faculty of Vision; whereto, as we ever find it, all other gifts are superadded: nay, properly they are but other forms of the same gift. A nobler power of insight, this of Goethe, you in vain look for, since Shakspeare passed away. In fact, there is much every way, here in particular, that these two minds have in common. Shakspeare too does not look *at* a thing, but *into* it, *through* it; so that he constructively comprehends it, can take it asunder, and put it together again; the thing melts, as it were, into light under his eye, and anew *creates* itself before him. That is to say, he is a Thinker in the highest of all senses: he is a Poet. For Goethe, as for Shakspeare, the world lies all translucent, all *fusible* we might call it, encircled with Wonder; the Natural in reality the Supernatural, for to the seer's eyes both become one. What are the *Hamlets* and *Tempests*, the *Fausts* and *Mignons*, but glimpses accorded us into this translucent, wonder-encircled world; revelations of the mystery of all mysteries, Man's Life as it actually is?

Under other secondary aspects the poetical faculty of the two will still be found cognate. Goethe is full of *figurativeness*: this grand light-giving Intellect, as all such are, is an imaginative one,—and in a quite other sense than most of our unhappy Imaginatives will imagine. . . . Goethe's figurativeness lies in the very centre of his being: manifests itself as the constructing of the inward elements of a thought, as the *vital* embodiment of it: such figures as those of Goethe you will look for through all modern literature, and except here and there in Shakspeare, nowhere find a

trace of. Again, it is the same faculty in higher exercise, that enables the poet to construct a Character. Here too Shakspeare and Goethe, unlike innumerable others, are *vital*; their construction begins at the *heart* and flows outward as the life-streams do; fashioning the *surface*, as it were, spontaneously. Those Macbeths and Falstaffs, accordingly, these Fausts and Philinas have a verisimilitude and life that separates them from all other fictions of late ages. All others, in comparison, have more or less the nature of hollow vizards, constructed from without inwards, painted *like*, and deceptively put in motion. . . .

Neither, as an additional similarity (for the great is ever like itself), let the majestic Calmness of both be omitted: their perfect tolerance for all men and all things. This too proceeds from the same source, perfect clearness of vision: he who comprehends an object cannot hate it, has already begun to love it. In respect of style, no less than of character, this calmness and graceful smooth-flowing softness is again characteristic of both; though in Goethe the quality is more complete, having been matured by far more assiduous study. Goethe's style is perhaps to be reckoned the most excellent that our modern world, in any language, can exhibit. . . .

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS: DIDEROT

76. Man and his Circumstances. It is a great truth, one side of a great truth, that the Man makes the Circumstances, and spiritually as well as economically is the artificer of his own fortune. But there is another side of the same truth, that the man's circumstances are the element he is appointed to live and work in; that he by necessity takes his complexion,

vesture, embodiment, from these, and is in all practical manifestations modified by them almost without limit ; so that in another no less genuine sense, it can be said Circumstances make the Man. Now, if it continually behoves us to insist on the former truth towards ourselves, it equally behoves us to bear in mind the latter when we judge of other men.

✓ THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

77. Death of Louis XV.¹ (May 10th, 1774.) Yes, poor Louis, Death has found thee. / No palace walls or life-guards, gorgeous tapestries or gilt buckram of stiffest ceremonial could keep him out ; but he is here, here at thy very life-breath, and will extinguish it. Thou, whose whole existence hitherto was a chimera and scenic show, at length becomest a reality : sumptuous Versailles bursts asunder, like a dream, into void Immensity ; Time is done, and all the scaffolding of Time falls wrecked with hideous clangour round thy soul : the pale Kingdoms yawn open ; there must thou enter, naked, all unking'd, and await what is appointed thee ! Unhappy man, there as thou turnest, in dull agony, on thy bed of weariness, what a thought is thine ! Purgatory and Hell-fire, now all-too possible, in the prospect : in the retrospect,—alas, what thing didst thou do that were not better undone ; what mortal didst thou generously help ; what sorrow hadst thou mercy on ? Do the ' five hundred thousand ' ghosts, who sank shamefully on so many battle-fields from Rossbach to Quebec, that thy Harlot might take revenge for an epigram,—crowd round thee in this hour ? Thy foul Harem ; the curses of mothers, the tears and infamy of daughters ? Miserable man ! ' thou hast

¹ See Note 4.

done evil as thou couldst': thy whole existence seems one hideous abortion and mistake of Nature; the use and meaning of thee not yet known. Wert thou a fabulous Griffin, *devouring* the works of men; daily dragging virgins to thy cave;—clad also in scales that no spear would pierce: no spear but Death's? A Griffin not fabulous but real! Frightful, O Louis, seem these moments for thee.—We will pry no further into the horrors of a sinner's deathbed,

And yet let no meanest man lay flattering unction to his soul. Louis was a Ruler; but art not thou also one? His wide France, look at it from the Fixed Stars (themselves not yet Infinitude), is no wider than thy brickfield, where thou too didst faithfully, or didst unfaithfully. Man, 'Symbol of Eternity imprisoned into Time!' it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the Spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance.

78. Taking of the Bastille (July 14th, 1789).¹ . . . And now, to the Bastille, ye intrepid Parisians! There grapeshot still threatens: thither all men's thoughts and steps are now tending. Old DeLaunay, as we hinted, withdrew 'into his interior' soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The Hôtel-de-Ville 'invites' him to admit National Soldiers, which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand, His Majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old Invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Swiss; his walls indeed are nine feet thick, he has cannon and powder; but, alas, only one day's provision of victuals. The city too is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old DeLaunay, think what thou wilt do!

¹ See Note 5.

All morning since nine, there has been a cry everywhere : To the Bastille ! Repeated ' deputations of citizens ' have been here, passionate for arms ; whom DeLaunay has got dismissed by soft speeches through portholes. Towards noon, Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance ; finds DeLaunay indisposed for surrender ; nay disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements : heaps of paving-stones, old iron and missiles lie piled ; cannon all duly levelled ; in every embrasure a cannon,—only drawn back a little ! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street : tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale* : the Suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly, as one man ! Such vision (spectral yet real) thou, O Thuriot, as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment : prophetic of what other Phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering Spectral Realities, which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt ! “ *Que voulez-vous ?* ” said DeLaunay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. “ Monsieur,” said Thuriot, rising into the moral-sublime, “ what mean *you* ? Consider if I could not precipitate *both* of us from this height,”—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch ! Whereupon DeLaunay fell silent. Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle, to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fremescent : then descends ; departs with protest ; with warning addressed also to the Invalides,—on whom, however, it produces but a mixed indistinct impression. . . . Ever wilder swells the tide of men ; their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry,—which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The Outer Drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot ; new *deputation of citizens*

(it is the third, and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the Outer Court : soft speeches producing no clearance of these, DeLaunay gives fire ; pulls up his Drawbridge. A slight sputter ;—which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos ; made it a roaring fire-chaos ! Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration ;—and over head, from the Fortress, let one great gun, with its grapeshot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged ! .

On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies ! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty ; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit ; for it is the hour ! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné ; smite at that Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee ! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man ; down with it to Orcus : let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up forever ! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some ‘on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall,’ Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him : the chain yields, breaks : the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious : and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The Eight grim Towers, with their Invalide musketry, their paving-stones and cannon mouths, still soar aloft intact ;—Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced ; the inner Drawbridge with its *back* towards us : the Bastille is still to take !

To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after

infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building ! But there is open Esplanade, at the end of Rue Saint-Antoine ; there are such Forecourts, *Cour Avancé*, *Cour de l'Orme*, arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights) ; then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers : a labyrinthic Mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty ;—beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere Chaos come again ! Ordnance of all calibres ; throats of all capacities ; men of all plans, every man his own engineer : seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. . . . Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy ; whirled, all ways, by panic madness. At every street-barricade, there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool,—strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming ; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille. . . . Upwards from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighbouring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone ; hardly through portholes show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot ; and make no impression !

Let conflagration rage ; of whatsoever is combustible ! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides mess-rooms. A distracted 'Peruke-maker with two fiery torches' is for burning 'the saltpetres of the Arsenal' ;—had not a woman run screaming ; had not a Patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), over-turned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young beautiful lady, seized escaping in these Outer Courts, and thought

falsely to be DeLaunay's daughter, shall be burnt in DeLaunay's sight ; she lies swooned on a pailleasse : but again a Patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemère the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her. > Straw is burnt ; three cartloads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke : almost to the choking of Patriotism itself ; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart ; and Réole the ' gigantic haberdasher ' another. Smoke as of Tophet ; confusion as of Babel ; noise as of the Crack of Doom ! . . .

How the great Bastille Clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court there, at its ease, hour after hour ; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing ! It tolled One when the firing began ; and is now pointing towards Five, and still the firing slakes not. —Far down, in their vaults, the seven Prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes ; their Turnkeys answer vaguely. . . .

What shall DeLaunay do ? One thing only DeLaunay could have done : what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's-length of the Powder-Magazine ; motionless, like old Roman Senator, or Bronze Lamp-holder ; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was :—Harmless he sat there, while unharmed ; but the King's Fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should in nowise be surrendered, save to the King's Messenger. . . . And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men ; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men ? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul ; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs ? . . . DeLaunay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two ; hopes in the middle of despair ; surrenders not his Fortress ;

declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old DeLaunay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee ! Jail, Jailoring and Jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared : call it the World-Chimæra, blowing fire ! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets : they have made a white flag of napkins ; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing ; disheartened in the fire-deluge : a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man ! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone Ditch ; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots,—he hovers perilous : such a Dove towards such an Ark ! Deftly, thou shifty Usher : one man already fell ; and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry ! Usher Maillard falls not : deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole ; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender : Pardon, immunity to all ! Are they accepted ?—“ *Foi d'officier*, On the word of an officer,” answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it,—“ they are.” Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down ; rushes-in the living deluge : the Bastille is fallen ! *Victoire ! La Bastille est prise !*

79. After Fall of Bastille—Apostrophe. O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields ; on old women spinning in cottages ; on ships far out in the silent main ; on Balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged Dames of the Palace are even now

dancing with double-jacketed Hussar-Officers ;— and also on this roaring Hell-porch of a Hôtel-de-Ville !

80. Honoré Gabriel Riqueti Mirabeau (1749-91). Mirabeau feels that the last of the Days has risen for him ; that on this day [April 2nd, 1791] he has to depart and be no more. His death is Titanic, as his life has been ! Lit up, for the last time, in the glare of coming dissolution, the mind of the man is all glowing and burning ; utters itself in sayings, such as men long remember. He longs to live, yet acquiesces in death, argues not with the inexorable. His speech is wild and wondrous : unearthly Phantasms dancing now their torch-dance round his soul ; the soul itself looking out, fire-radiant, motionless, girt together for that great hour ! At times comes a beam of light from him on the world he is quitting. " I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French Monarchy ; the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factious." Or again, when he heard the cannon fire, what is characteristic too : " Have we the Achilles' Funeral already ? " So likewise, while some friend is supporting him : " Yes, support that head ; would I could bequeath it thee ! " For the man dies as he has lived ; self-conscious, conscious of a world looking on. He gazes forth on the young Spring, which for him will never be Summer. The Sun has risen ; he says, "*Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin germain.*"—Death has mastered the outworks ; power of speech is gone ; the citadel of the heart still holding out : the moribund giant, passionately, by sign, demands paper and pen ; writes his passionate demand for opium, to end these agonies. The sorrowful Doctor shakes his head : *Dormir*, 'To sleep,' writes the other, passionately pointing at it ! So dies a gigantic Heathen and Titan ; stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his

rest. At half-past eight in the morning, Doctor Petit, standing at the foot of the bed, says, "*Il ne souffre plus.*" His suffering and his working are now ended.

81. Mirabeau's Character. Whoever will, with sympathy, which is the first essential towards insight, look at this questionable Mirabeau, may find that there lay verily in him, as the basis of all, a Sincerity, a great free Earnestness; nay call it Honesty, for the man did before all things see, with that clear flashing vision, into what *was*, into what existed as fact; and did, with his wild heart, follow that and no other. Whereby on what ways soever he travels and struggles, often enough falling, he is still a brother man. Hate him not; thou canst not hate him! Shining through such soil and tarnish, and now victorious effulgent, and oftenest struggling eclipsed, the light of genius itself is in this man; which was never yet base and hateful; but at worst was lamentable, lovable with pity. They say that he was ambitious, that he wanted to be Minister. It is most true. And was he not simply the one man in France who could have done any good as Minister? Not vanity alone, not pride alone; far from that! Wild burstings of affection were in this great heart; of fierce lightning, and soft dew of pity. So sunk bemired in wretchedest defacements, it may be said of him, like the Magdalen of old, that he loved much: his Father, the harshest of old crabbed men, he loved with warmth, with veneration.

Be it that his falls and follies are manifold,—as himself often lamented even with tears. Alas, is not the Life of every such man already a poetic Tragedy; made up of 'Fate and of one's own Deservings,' of *Schicksal und eigene Schuld*; full of the elements of Pity and Fear? This brother man, if not Epic for us, is Tragic; if not great, is large; large in his

qualities, world-large in his destinies. Whom other men, recognising him as such, may, through long times, remember, and draw nigh to examine and consider: these, in their several dialects, will say of him and sing of him,—till the right thing be said; and so the Formula that *can* judge him be no longer an undiscovered one.

82. Purpose of Crime and Act. From the purpose of crime to the act of crime there is an abyss; wonderful to think of. The finger lies on the pistol; but the man is not yet a murderer: nay his whole nature staggering at such consummation, is there not a confused pause rather,—one last instant of possibility for him? Not yet a murderer; it is at the mercy of trifles whether the most fixed idea may not yet become unfixed. One slight twitch of a muscle, the death-flash bursts; and he is it, and will for Eternity be it; and Earth has become a penal Tartarus for him; his horizon girdled now not with golden hope, but with red flames of remorse; voices from the depths of Nature sounding *Wo, wo* on him!

Of such stuff are we all made; on such powder-mines of bottomless guilt and criminality,—‘if God restrained not,’ as is well said,—does the purest of us walk. There are depths in man that go the length of lowest Hell, as there are heights that reach highest Heaven;—for are not both Heaven and Hell made out of him, made by him, everlasting Miracle and Mystery as he is? ✕

83. September Massacres (Paris; Septr. 2–6, 1792). It is Sunday, the second of September; handiwork hinders not the speculations of the mind. Verdun gone; . . . the Prussians in full march, with gallows-ropes, with fire and faggot! Thirty-thousand Aristocrats within our own walls; and but the merest quarter-tithe of them yet put in Prison! Nay there goes word that even these will revolt. . . . So that

apparently the knot of the crisis and last agony of France is come. . . .

But the Improvised Commune, but strong Danton is not wanting, each after his kind. Huge Placards are getting plastered to the walls ; at two o'clock the stormbell shall be sounded, the alarm-cannon fired ; all Paris shall rush to the Champ-de-Mars, and have itself enrolled. Unarmed, truly, and undrilled ; but desperate, in the strength of frenzy. Haste, ye men ; ye very women, offer to mount guard and shoulder the brown musket : weak clucking-hens, in a state of desperation, will fly at the muzzle of the mastiff ; and even conquer him,—by vehemence of character ! Terror itself, when once grown transcendental, becomes a kind of courage ; as frost sufficiently intense, according to Poet Milton, will *burn*. . . . The Legislative sits in alternate awe and effervescence ; Vergniaud proposing that Twelve shall go and dig personally on Montmartre ; which is decreed by acclaim. ✧

But better than digging personally with acclaim, see Danton enter ;—the black brows clouded, the colossus figure tramping heavy ; grim energy looking from all features of the rugged man ! Strong is that grim Son of France and Son of Earth ; a Reality and not a Formula he too : and surely now if ever, being hurled *low* enough, it is on the Earth and on Realities that he rests. “ Legislators ! ” so speaks the stentor-voice, as the Newspapers yet preserve it for us, “ it is not the alarm-cannon that you hear : it is the *pas-de-charge* against our enemies. To conquer them, to hurl them back, what do we require ? *Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*, To dare, and again to dare, and without end to dare ! ”—Right so, thou brawny Titan ; there is nothing left for thee but that. Old men who heard it, will still tell you how the reverberating voice made

all hearts swell, in that moment ; and braced them to the sticking-place ; and thrilled abroad over France, like electric virtue, as a word spoken in season.

But the Commune, enrolling in the Champ-de-Mars ? But the Committee of Watchfulness, become now Committee of Public Salvation, whose conscience is Marat ? The Commune enrolling enrolls many ; provides tents for them in that Mars-Field, that they may march with dawn on the morrow : praise to this part of the Commune ! To Marat and the Committee of Watchfulness not praise ;—not even blame, such as could be meted out in these insufficient dialects of ours ; expressive silence rather ! Lone Marat, the man forbid, meditating long in his Cellars of refuge, on his Stylites Pillar, could see salvation in one thing only : in the fall of ‘two-hundred and sixty thousand Aristocrat heads.’ With so many score of Naples Bravoes, each a dirk in his right-hand, a muff on his left, he would traverse France, and do it. But the world laughed, mocking the severe-benevolence of a People’s-Friend ; and his idea could not become an action, but only a fixed-idea. Lo now, however, he has come down from his Stylites Pillar to a *Tribune particulière* ; here now, without the dirks, without the *muffs* at least, were it not grown possible,—now in the knot of the crisis, when salvation or destruction hangs in the hour ! . . .

From Sunday afternoon (exclusive of intervals and pauses not final) till Thursday evening, there follow consecutively a Hundred Hours. Which hundred hours are to be reckoned with the hours of the Bartholomew Butchery, of the Armagnac Massacres, Sicilian Vespers, or whatsoever is savagest in the annals of the world. Horrible the hour when man’s

soul, in its paroxysm, spurns asunder the barriers and rules ; and shows what dens and depths are in it ! For Night and Orcus, as we say, as was long prophesied, have burst forth, here in Paris, from their subterranean imprisonment : hideous, dim-confused ; which it is painful to look on ; and yet which cannot, and indeed which should not, be forgotten. .

The Reader, who looks earnestly through this dim Phantasmagory of the Pit, will discern few fixed certain objects ; and yet still a few. He will observe, in this Abbaye Prison, the sudden massacre of the Priests being once over, a strange Court of Justice, or call it Court of Revenge and Wild-Justice, swiftly fashion itself, and take seat round a table, with the Prison-Registers spread before it ;—Stanislas Mailard, Bastille hero, famed Leader of the Menads, presiding. O Stanislas, one hoped to meet thee elsewhere than here ; thou shifty Riding-Usher, with an inkling of Law ! This work also thou hadst to do ; and then—to depart forever from our eyes. At *La Force*, at the *Châtelet*, the *Conciergerie*, the like Court forms itself, with the like accompaniments ; the thing that one man does, other men can do. There are Seven Prisons in Paris, full of Aristocrats with conspiracies ;—nay not even *Bicêtre* and *Salpêtrière* shall escape, with their Forgers of Assignats : and there are seventy times seven hundred Patriot hearts in a state of frenzy. Scoundrel hearts also there are ; as perfect, say, as the Earth holds,—if such are needed. To whom, in this mood, law is as no-law ; and killing, by what name soever called, is but work to be done.

So sit these sudden Courts of Wild-Justice, with the Prison-Registers before them ; unwonted wild tumult howling all round ; the Prisoners in dread expectancy within. Swift : a name is called ; bolts jingle, a Prisoner is there. A few questions are put ;

swiftly this sudden Jury decides : Royalist Plotter or not ? Clearly not ; in that case let the Prisoner be enlarged with *Vive la Nation*. Probably yea ; then still, Let the Prisoner be enlarged, but without *Vive la Nation* ; or else it may run, Let the Prisoner be conducted to La Force. At La Force again their formula is, Let the Prisoner be conducted to the Abbaye—"To La Force, then !" Volunteer bailiffs seize the doomed man ; he is at the outer gate ; 'enlarged,' or 'conducted,' not into La Force, but into a howling sea ; forth, under an arch of wild sabres, axes and pikes ; and sinks, hewn asunder. And another sinks, and another ; and there forms itself a piled heap of corpses, and the kennels begin to run red. Fancy the yells of these men, their faces of sweat and blood ; the crueller shrieks of these women, for there are women too ; and a fellow-mortal hurled into it all ! . . . The Swiss Prisoners, remnants of the Tenth of August, 'clasped each other spasmodically, and hung back ; gray veterans crying : "Mercy, Messieurs ; ah, mercy !" But there was no mercy. Suddenly, however, one of these men steps forward. He had on a blue frock-coat ; he seemed about thirty, his stature was above common, his look noble and martial. "I go first," said he, "since it must be so : adieu !" Then dashing his hat sharply behind him : "Which way ?" cried he to the Brigands : "Show it me, then." They open the folding gate ; he is announced to the multitude. He stands a moment motionless ; then plunges forth among the pikes, and dies of a thousand wounds.'

Man after man is cut down ; the sabres need sharpening, the killers refresh themselves from wine-jugs. Onward and onward goes the butchery ; the loud yells wearying down into bass growls. A sombre-faced shifting multitude looks on ; in dull approval, or dull disapproval ; in dull recognition

that it is Necessity. . . . The brave are not spared, nor the beautiful, nor the weak. Old M. de Montmorin, the Minister's Brother, was acquitted by the Tribunal of the Seventeenth; and conducted back, elbowed by howling galleries; but is not acquitted here. Princess de Lamballe has lain down on bed: "Madame, you are to be removed to the Abbaye," "I do not wish to remove; I am well enough here." There is a need-be for removing. She will arrange her dress a little, then; rude voices answer, "You have not far to go." She too is led to the hell-gate; a manifest Queen's-Friend. She shivers back, at the sight of bloody sabres; but there is no return: Onwards! That fair kind head is cleft with the axe; the neck is severed. That fair body is cut in fragments; with indignities, and obscene horrors of mustachio *grands-lèvres*, which human nature would fain find incredible,—which shall be read in the original language only. Young hearts, generation after generation, will think with themselves: O worthy of worship, thou king-descended, god-descended, and poor sister-woman! why was not I there; and some Sword Balmung or Thor's Hammer in my hand? Her head is fixed on a pike; paraded under the windows of the Temple; that a still more hated, a Marie Antoinette, may see. One Municipal, in the Temple with the Royal Prisoners at the moment, said, "Look out." Another eagerly whispered, "Do not look." The circuit of the Temple is guarded, in these hours, by a long stretched tricolor riband: terror enters, and the clangour of infinite tumult; hitherto not regicide, though that too may come.

But it is more edifying to note what thrillings of affection; what fragments of wild virtues turn up in this shaking asunder of man's existence; for of these too there is a proportion. Note old Marquis Cazotte:

he is doomed to die ; but his young Daughter clasps him in her arms, with an inspiration of eloquence, with a love which is stronger than very death : the heart of the killers themselves is touched by it ; the old man is spared. Yet he was guilty, if plotting for his King is guilt : in ten days more, a Court of Law condemned him, and he had to die elsewhere ; bequeathing his Daughter, a lock of his old gray hair. Or note old M. de Sombreuil, who also had a Daughter—My Father is not an Aristocrat : O good gentlemen, I will swear it, and testify it, and in all ways prove it ; we are not ; we hate Aristocrats ! “ Wilt thou drink Aristocrats’ blood ? ” The man lifts blood (if universal Rumour can be credited) ; the poor maiden does drink. “ This Sombreuil is innocent, then ! ” Yes, indeed,—and now note, most of all, how the bloody pikes, at this news, do rattle to the ground ; and the tiger-yells become bursts of jubilee over a brother saved ; and the old man and his daughter are clasped to bloody bosoms, with hot tears ; and borne home in triumph of *Vive la Nation*, the killers refusing even money !

But the Constituted Authorities, all this while ? The Legislative Assembly ; the Six Ministers ; the Townhall ; Santerre with the National Guard ?—It is very curious to think what a City is. Theatres, to the number of some twenty-three, were open every night during these prodigies ; while right-arms here grew weary with slaying, the right-arms there were twiddleddeeing on melodious catgut : at the very instant when Abbé Sicard was clambering up his second pair of shoulders three-men high, five hundred thousand human individuals were lying horizontal, as if nothing were amiss.

84. Execution of Louis XVI. (Jan. 21st, 1793.) . . . All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty-

thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement: it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone: one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying: clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Revolution, once Place de Louis Quinze: the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis! Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men: spectators crowding in the rear; D'Orléans Egalité there in cabriolet. Swift messengers, *hoquetons*, speed to the Townhall, every three minutes: near by is the Convention sitting,—vengeful for Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the Carriage opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black Mahlstrom and descent of Death: in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. "Take care of M. Edgeworth," he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them: they two descend.

The drums are beating: "*Taisez-vous, Silence!*" he cries 'in a terrible voice, *d'une voix terrible.*' He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind: he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom

men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare ; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, ' his face very red,' and says : " Frenchmen, I die innocent : it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies ; I desire that France—" A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand : "*Tambours !*" The drums drown the voice. " Executioners, do your duty ! " The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis : six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there ; and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him : " Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The Axe clanks down ; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday the 21st of January 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years four months and twenty-eight days.

85. **Assassination of Jean Paul Marat (1743-93).**
 About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal ; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach : " To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat !—The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen ; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then ? Hapless beautiful Charlotte ; hapless squalid Marat ! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other ; they two have, very strangely, business together,—Charlotte, returning to her Inn, despatches a short Note to Marat ; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion ; that she desires earnestly to see him, and ' will put it in his power to do France a great service.' No answer.

Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing ; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-labourers have again finished their Week ; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont ; this one fair Figure has decision in it ; drives straight,—towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month ; eve of the Bastille day,—when ' M. Marat,' four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, " to dismount, and give up their arms, then " ; and became notable among Patriot men. Four years : what a road he has travelled ;—and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath ; sore afflicted ; ill of Revolution Fever,—of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man : with precisely elevenpence-halfpenny of ready-money, in paper ; with slipper-bath ; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while ; and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her : that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street ; thither and not else-whither has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood, and Perfect Felicity ; yet surely on the way towards that ?—Hark, a rap again ! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected : it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognising from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen ? What Deputies are at Caen ?—Charlotte names some Deputies. " Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's-friend,

clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux, Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion*, and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart, "*A moi, chère amie*, Help, dear!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below. . . .

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it near and sure. The *chère amie*, and neighbours of the house, flying at her, she 'overturns some movables,' entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders, goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. . . .

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it 'fourth day of the Preparation of Peace.' A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tapepapers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte: "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation?—"By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*), as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch

her features, Charlotte not disapproving : the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks ; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks ; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him. . . .

86. Trial of Marie-Antoinette. On Monday the Fourteenth of October 1793, a Cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the Revolutionary Court, such as those old stone-walls never witnessed : the Trial of Marie-Antoinette. The once brightest Queen, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands at Fouquier-Tinville's Judgment-bar ; answering for her life. The Indictment was delivered her last night. To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate ? Silence alone is adequate.

There are few Printed things one meets with of such tragic, almost ghastly, significance as those bald Pages of the *Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, which bear title, *Trial of the Widow Capet*. Dim, dim, as if in disastrous eclipse ; like the pale kingdoms of Dis ! Plutonic Judges, Plutonic Tinville ; encircled, nine times, with Styx and Lethe, with Fire-Phlegethon and Cocytus named of Lamentation ! . . . Marie-Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment, and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading, continued calm ; ' she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano.' You discern, not without interest, across that dim Revolutionary Bulletin itself, how she bears herself queenlike ; her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity ; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. " You persist, then, in denial ? "—" My plan is not

denial: it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that." Scandalous Hébert has borne his testimony as to many things: as to one thing, concerning Marie-Antoinette and her little Son,—wherewith Human Speech had better not farther be soiled. She has answered Hébert; a Juryman begs to observe that she has not answered as to *this*. "I have not answered," she exclaims with noble emotion, "because Nature refuses to answer such a charge brought against a Mother. I appeal to all the Mothers that are here." * . . .

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful Archduchess and Dauphiness, quitting her Mother's City, at the age of Fifteen; towards hopes such as no other Daughter of Eve then had: 'On the morrow,' says Weber an eye-witness, 'the Dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared: you saw her sunk back into her carriage; her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers, whither she was to return no more.'

The young imperial Maiden of Fifteen has now become a worn discrowned Widow of Thirty-eight; gray before her time: this is the last Procession: 'Few minutes after the Trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all Sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the Bridges, in the Squares, Crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution. By ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the Streets; thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie-

Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *piqué blanc* : she was led to the place of execution, in the same manner as an ordinary criminal ; bound on a Cart ; accompanied by a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress ; escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries of *Vive la République* and *Down with Tyranny*, which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her Confessor. The tricolor Streamers on the housetops occupied her attention, in the Streets du Roule and Saint-Honoré ; she also noted the Inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution, her looks turned towards the *Jardin National*, whilom Tuileries ; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the Scaffold with courage enough ; at a quarter past Twelve, her head fell ; the Executioner showed it to the people, amid universal long-continued cries of *Vive la République*.

87. Georges Jacques Danton (1759–94). Rumour may spread over Paris : the Convention clusters itself into groups ; wide-eyed, whispering “ Danton arrested ! ” Who, then, is safe ? Legendre, mounting the Tribune, utters, at his own peril, a feeble word for him ; moving that he be heard at that Bar before indictment ; but Robespierre frowns him down : “ Did you hear Chabot or Bazire ? Would you have two weights and measures ? ” Legendre cowers low : Danton, like the others, must take his doom.

Danton's Prison thoughts were curious to have ; but are not given in any quantity : indeed few such remarkable men have been left so obscure to us as this Titan of the Revolution. He was heard to ejaculate : “ This time twelvemonth, I was moving

the creation of that same Revolutionary Tribunal. I crave pardon for it of God and man. They are all Brothers Cain; Brissot would have had me guillotined as Robespierre now will. I leave the whole business in a frightful welter (*gâchis épouvantable*): not one of them understands anything of government. Robespierre will follow me; I drag down Robespierre. O, it were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with governing of men."—Camille's young beautiful Wife, who had made him rich not in money alone, hovers round the Luxembourg, like a disembodied spirit, day and night. Camille's stolen letters to her still exist; stained with the mark of his tears. "I carry my head like a Saint-Sacrament?" so Saint-Just was heard to mutter: "perhaps he will carry his like a Saint-Denis."

Unhappy Danton, thou still unhappier light Camille [**Camille Desmoulins** (1760–94)], once light *Procureur de la Lanterne*, ye also have arrived, then, at the Bourne of Creation, where, like Ulysses Polytlas at the limit and utmost Gades of his voyage, gazing into that dim Waste beyond Creation, a man does see *the Shades of his Mother*, pale, ineffectual;—and days when his Mother nursed and wrapped him are all-too sternly contrasted with this day! Danton, Camille, Héroult, Westermann, and the others, very strangely massed up with Bazires, Swindler Chabots, Fabre d'Eglantines, Banker Freys, a most motly Batch, 'Fournée' as such things will be called, stand ranked at the Bar of Tinville. It is the 2nd April, 1794. Danton has had but three days to lie in Prison; for the time presses.

What is your name? place of abode? and the like, Fouquier asks; according to formality. "My name is Danton," answers he; "a name tolerably known in the Revolution: my abode will soon be Annihilation (*dans le Néant*); but I shall live in the

Pantheon of History." A man will endeavour to say something forcible, be it by nature or not ! Hérault mentions epigrammatically that he "sat in this Hall, and was detested of Parlementeers." Camille makes answer, "My age is that of the *bon Sansculotte Jésus* ; an age fatal to Revolutionists." O Camille, Camille ! And yet in that Divine Transaction, let us say, there did lie, among other things, the fatalest Reproof ever uttered here below to Worldly Right-honourableness ; 'the highest fact,' so devout Novalis calls is, 'in the Rights of Man.' Camille's real age, it would seem, is thirty-four. Danton is one year older.

Some five months ago, the Trial of the Twenty-two Girondins was the greatest that Fouquier had then done. But here is a still greater to do ; a thing which tasks the whole faculty of Fouquier ; which makes the very heart of him waver. For it is the voice of Danton that reverberates now from these domes ; in passionate words, piercing with their wild sincerity, winged with wrath. Your best Witnesses he shivers into ruin at one stroke. He demands that the Committee-men themselves come as Witnesses, as Accusers ; he "will cover them with ignominy." He raises his huge stature, he shakes his huge black head, fire flashes from the eyes of him,—piercing to all Republican hearts ; so that the very Galleries, though we filled them by ticket, murmur sympathy ; and are like to burst down and raise the People, and deliver him ! He complains loudly that he is classed with Chabots, with swindling Stockjobbers ; that his Indictment is a list of platitudes and horrors. "Danton hidden on the 10th of August ?" reverberates he, with the roar of a lion in the toils : "where are the men that had to press Danton to show himself, that day ? Where are these high-gifted souls of whom he borrowed energy ? Let them appear, these Accusers of mine : I have all the clearness of my self-

possession when I demand them. I will unmask the three shallow scoundrels," *les trois plats coquins*, Saint-Just, Couthon, Lebas, "who fawn on Robespierre, and lead him towards his destruction. Let them produce themselves here; I will plunge them into Nothingness, out of which they ought never to have risen." The agitated President agitates his bell; enjoins calmness, in a vehement manner: "What is it to thee how I defend myself?" cries the other: "the right of *dooming* me is thine always. The voice of a man speaking for his honour and his life may well drown the jingling of thy bell!" Thus Danton, higher and higher; till the lion-voice of him 'dies away in his throat'; speech will not utter what is in that man. The Galleries murmur ominously; the first day's Session is over.

O Tinville, President Herman, what will ye do? They have two days more of it, by strictest Revolutionary Law. The Galleries already murmur. If this Danton were to burst your mesh-work!—Very curious indeed to consider. It turns on a hair; and what a hoity-toity were *there*, Justice and Culprit changing places; and the whole History of France running changed! For in France there is this Danton only that could still try to govern France. He only, the wild amorphous Titan;—and perhaps that other olive-complexioned individual, the Artillery-Officer at Toulon, whom we left pushing his fortune in the South?

Danton carried a high look in the Death-cart. Not so Camille: it is but one week, and all is so topsy-turvied; angel Wife left weeping; love, riches, revolutionary fame, left all at the Prison-gate; carnivorous Rabble now howling round. Palpable, and yet incredible; like a madman's dream! Camille struggles and writhes; his shoulders shuffle the loose

coat off them, which hangs knotted, the hands tied : "Calm my friend," said Danton ; "heed not that vile canaille (*laissez là cette vile canaille*)."

At the foot of the Scaffold, Danton was heard to ejaculate : "O my Wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more, then !" —but, interrupting himself : "Danton, no weakness !" He said to Héroult-Séchelles, stepping forward to embrace him : "Our heads will meet *there*," in the Headsman's sack. His last words were to Samson the Headsman himself : "Thou wilt show my head to the people ; it is worth showing."

So passes, like a gigantic mass of valour, ostentation, fury, affection and wild revolutionary force and manhood, this Danton, to his unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube ; born of 'good farmer-people' there. He had many sins ; but one worst sin he had not, that of Cant. No hollow Formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, *ghastly* to the natural sense, was this ; but a very Man : with all his dross he was a Man ; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick ; he walked straight his own wild road, whither it lead him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men.

88. Last days of Maximilien Robespierre (1758-94). Meanwhile Robespierre, we still observe, goes little to Convention, not at all to Committee ; speaks nothing except to his Jacobin House of Lords, amid his bodyguard of *Tappe-durs*. These 'forty-days,' for we are now far in July, he has not showed face in Committee ; could only work there by his three shallow scoundrels, and the terror there was of him. The Incorruptible himself sits apart ; or is seen stalking in solitary places in the fields, with an intensely meditative air ; some say, 'with eyes red-spotted,' fruit of extreme bile : the lamentablest seagreen Chimera that walks the Earth that July !

O hapless Chimera,—for thou too hadst a life, and heart of flesh,—what is this that the stern gods, seeming to smile all the way, have led and let thee to ! Art not thou he, who, few years ago, was a young Advocate of promise ; and gave up the Arras Judgeship rather than sentence one man to die ?

What his thoughts might be ? His plans for finishing the Terror ? One knows not.

New Catacombs, some say, are digging for a huge simultaneous butchery. Convention to be butchered, down to the right pitch, by General Henriot and Company : Jacobin House of Lords made dominant ; and Robespierre Dictator. There is actually, or else there is not actually, a List made out ; which the Hairdresser has got eye on, as he frizzled the Incorruptible locks. Each man asks himself, Is it I ?

. . . Ye must bestir yourselves, O Friends ; ye dull Frogs of the Marsh, mute ever since Girondism sank under, even you now must croak or die ! Councils are held, with word and beck ; nocturnal, mysterious as death. Does not a feline Maximilien stalk there ; voiceless as yet ; his green eyes red-spotted ; back bent, and hair up ? Rash Tallien, with his rash temper and audacity of tongue ; he shall *bell the cat*. Fix a day ; and be it soon, lest never.

Lo, before the day fixed, on day which they call Eighth of Thermidor, 26th July 1794, Robespierre himself reappears in Convention ; mounts to the Tribune ! The biliary face seems clouded with new gloom : judge whether your Talliens, Bourdons, listened with interest. It is a voice bodeful of death or of life. Longwinded, unmelodious as the screech-owl's, sounds that prophetic voice : Degenerate condition of republican spirit ; corrupt Moderatism ; *Sûreté, Salut* Committees themselves infected ; back-sliding on this hand and on that ; I, Maximilien, alone left incorruptible, ready to die at a moment's warn-

ing. For all which what remedy is there? The Guillotine; new vigour to the all-healing Guillotine; death to traitors of every hue! So sings the prophetic voice; into its Convention sounding-board. The old song this; but to-day, O Heavens, has the sounding-board ceased to act? There is not resonance in this Convention; there is, so to speak, a gasp of silence; nay a certain grating of one knows not what! . . . The Order to print and transmit, which had got passed, is rescinded. Robespierre, greener than ever before, has to retire, foiled; discerning that it is mutiny, that evil is nigh! ✕

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O President Thuriot, thou that wert Elector Thuriot, and from the Bastille battlements sawest Saint-Antoine rising like the Ocean-tide, and hast seen much since, sawest thou ever the like of this? Jingle of bell, which thou jinglest against Robespierre, is hardly audible amid the Bedlam storm; and men rage for life. "President of Assassins," shrieks Robespierre, "I demand speech of thee for the last time!" It cannot be had. "To you, O virtuous men of the Plain," cries he, finding audience one moment, "I appeal to you!" The virtuous men of the Plain sit silent as stones. And Thuriot's bell jingles, and the Hall sounds like Æolus's Hall. Robespierre's frothing lips are grown 'blue'; his tongue dry, cleaving to the roof of his mouth. "The blood of Danton chokes him," cry they. "Accusation! Decree of Accusation!" Thuriot swiftly puts that question. Accusation passes; the incorruptible Maximilien is decreed Accused.

"I demand to share my Brother's fate, as I have striven to share his virtues," cries Augustin, the Younger Robespierre: Augustin also is decreed. And Couthon, and Saint-Just, and Lebas, they are

all decreed ; and packed forth,—not without difficulty, the Ushers almost trembling to obey. Triumvirate and Company are packed forth, into *Salut* Committee-room ; their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth. You have but to summon the Municipality ; to cashier Commandant Henriot, and launch Arrest at him ; to regulate formalities ; hand Tinville his victims. It is noon : the Æolus Hall has delivered itself ; blows now victorious, harmonious, as one irresistible wind.✓

And so the work is finished ? One thinks so : and yet it is not so. Alas, there is yet but the first-act finished—three or four other acts still to come ; and an uncertain catastrophe ! A huge City holds in it so many confusions : seven hundred thousand human heads ; not one of which knows what its neighbour is doing, nay not what itself is doing.—See, accordingly, about three in the afternoon, Commandant Henriot, how instead of sitting cashiered arrested, he gallops along the Quais, followed by Municipal Gendarmes, ‘trampling down several persons !’ For the Town-hall sits deliberating, openly insurgent : Barriers to be shut ; no Gaoler to admit any Prisoner this day ;—and Henriot is galloping towards the Tuileries, to deliver Robespierre. . . . He bursts towards the Tuileries Committee-room, “to speak with Robespierre” : with difficulty, the Ushers and Tuileries Gendarmes, earnestly pleading and drawing sabre, seize this Henriot ; get the Henriot Gendarmes persuaded not to fight ; get Robespierre and Company packed into hackney-coaches, sent off under escort, to the Luxembourg and other Prisons. This, then, is the end ? May not an exhausted Convention adjourn now, for a little repose and sustenance, ‘at five o’clock’ ?

An exhausted Convention did it ; and repented it. The end was not come ; only the end of the *second-*

act. Hark, while exhausted Representatives sit at victuals,—tocsin bursting from all steeples, drums rolling, in the summer evening: Judge Coffinhal is galloping with new Gendarmes, to deliver Henriot from Tuileries Committee-room; and does deliver him! Puissant Henriot vaults on horseback; sets to haranguing the Tuileries Gendarmes; corrupts the Tuileries Gendarmes too; trots off with them to Townhall. Alas, and Robespierre is not in Prison: the Gaoler showed his Municipal order, durst not, on pain of his life, admit any Prisoner; the Robespierre Hackney-coaches, in this confused jangle and whirl of uncertain Gendarmes, have floated safe—into the Townhall! There sit Robespierre and Company, embraced by Municipals and Jacobins in sacred right of Insurrection—redacting Proclamations; sounding tocsins; corresponding with Sections and Mother Society. Is not here a pretty enough third-act of a *natural* Greek Drama; Catastrophe more uncertain than ever?

The hasty Convention rushes together again, in the ominous nightfall: President Collot, for the chair is his, enters with long strides, paleness on his face; claps-on his hat; says with solemn tones: "Citoyens, armed Villains have beset the Committee-rooms, and got possession of them. The hour is come, to die at our post!" "*Oui*," answer one and all; "We swear it!" It is no rodomontade, this time, but a sad fact and necessity; unless we *do* at our posts, we must verily die. Swift therefore, Robespierre, Henriot, the Municipality, are declared Rebels; put *Hors la Loi*, Out of Law. Better still, we appoint Barras Commandant of what Armed-force is to be had; send Missionary Representatives to all Sections and quarters, to preach, and raise force; will die at least with harness on our back.

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About three in the morning the dissident Armed-forces have *met*. Henriot's Armed-force stood ranked in the Place de Grève; and now Barras's, which he has recruited, arrives there; and they front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens! cries the voice of Discretion loudly enough, Before coming to bloodshed, to endless civil-war, hear the Convention Decree read: 'Robespierre and all rebels Out of Law!'—Out of Law? There is terror in the sound. Unarmed Citoyens disperse rapidly home. Municipal Cannoneers, in sudden whirl, anxiously unanimous, range themselves on the Convention side, with shouting. At which shout, Henriot descends from his upper room, Far gone in drink as some say; finds his Place de Grève empty; the cannons' mouth turned *towards* him; and on the whole,—that it is now the catastrophe!

Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot announces: "All is lost!" "*Misérable*, it is thou that hast lost it!" cry they; and fling him, or else he flings himself, out of the window: far enough down; into masonwork and horror of cess-pool; not into death but worse. Augustin Robespierre follows him; with the like fate. Saint-Just, they say, called on Lebas to kill him; who would not. Couthon crept under a table; attempting to kill himself; not doing it.—On entering that Sanhedrim of Insurrection, we find all as good as extinct; undone, ready for seizure. Robespierre was sitting on a chair, with pistol-shot blown through not his head but his under-jaw; the suicidal hand had failed. With prompt zeal, not without trouble, we gather these wrecked Conspirators; fish up even Henriot and Augustin, bleeding and foul; pack them all, rudely enough, into carts; and shall, before sunrise, have them safe under lock and key. Amid shoutings and embracings.

Robespierre lay in an anteroom of the Convention Hall, while his Prison-escort was getting ready ; the mangled jaw bound up rudely with bloody linen ; a spectacle to men. He lies stretched on a table, a deal-box his pillow, the sheath of the pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand. Men bully him : his eyes still indicate intelligence ; he speaks no word. 'He had on the sky-blue coat he had got made for the Feast of the *Être Suprême*'—O Reader, can thy hard heart hold out against that ? His trousers were nankeen ; the stockings had fallen down over the ankles. He spake no word more in this world.

. . . The Death-tumbrils, with their motley Batch of Outlaws, some Twenty-three or so, from Maximilien to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes are on Robespierre's Tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead Brother, and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered ; their 'seventeen hours' of agony about to end. The Gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbril ; clutching the side of it with one hand, waving the other Sibyl-like ; and exclaims : "The death of thee gladdens my very heart, *m'enivre de joie*" ; Robespierre opened his eyes : "*Scélérat*, go down to Hell, with the curses of all wives and mothers !" —At the foot of the scaffold, they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted aloft, his eyes again opened ; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the coat off him ; wrenched the dirty linen from his jaw : the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry ;—hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick !

Samson's work done, there bursts forth shout on shout of applause. Shout, which prolongs itself not

only over Paris, but over France, but over Europe, and down to this generation. Deservedly, and also undeservedly. O unhappiest Advocate of Arras, wert thou worse than other Advocates? Stricter man, according to his Formula, to his Credo and his Cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and suchlike, lived not in that age. . . . His poor landlord, the Cabinet-maker in the Rue Saint-Honoré, loved him; his Brother died for him. May God be merciful to him and to us!

This is the end of the Reign of Terror; new glorious *Revolution* named of *Thermidor*; of Thermidor 9th, year 2; which being interpreted into old slave-style means 27th of July 1794.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS: SIR WALTER SCOTT

89. Sir Walter Scott. (Born in Edinburgh Aug. 15th, 1771; died, Sep. 21st, 1832.) One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, Sir Walter Scott ever was inspired with. His life was worldly; his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material, of the earth earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous and graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets: this is the highest quality to be discerned in him. His power of representing these things, too, his poetic power, was a genius *in extenso*, as we may say, not *in intenso*. In action, in speculation, *broad* as he was, he rose nowhere high; productive without measure as to quantity, in quality he for the most part transcended but a little way the region of commonplace. It has been said, 'no man has written as many volumes with so few sentences

that can be quoted.' Winged words were not his vocation ; nothing urged him that way : the great Mystery of Existence was not great to him ; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer, to be answered or to perish. He had nothing of the martyr ; into no ' dark region to slay monsters for us,' did he, either led or driven, venture down : his conquests were for his own behoof mainly, conquests over common market-labour, and reckonable in good metallic coin of the realm. The thing he had faith in, except power, power of what sort soever, and even of the rudest sort, would be difficult to point out. One sees not that he believed in anything ; nay he did not even disbelieve ; but quietly acquiesced, and made himself at home in a world of conventionalities ; the false, the semi-false and the true were alike true in this, that they were there, and had power in their hands more or less. It was well to feel so ; and yet not well ! ' Woe to them that are at ease in Zion ' ; but surely it is a double woe to them that are at ease in Babel, in Domdaniel. On the other hand, he wrote many volumes, amusing many thousands of men. Shall we call this great ? It seems to us there dwells and struggles another sort of spirit in the inward parts of great men.

Yet, on the other hand, the surliest critic must allow that Scott was a genuine man, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality or distortion dwelt in him ; no shadow of cant. Nay withal, was he not a right brave and strong man, according to his kind ? What a load of toil, what a measure of felicity, he quietly bore along with him ; with what quiet strength he both worked on this earth, and enjoyed it ; invincible to evil fortune and to good ! A most composed invincible man ; in difficulty and distress knowing no discouragement, Samson-like carrying off on his strong Samson-

shoulders the gates that would imprison him ; in danger and menace laughing at the whisper of fear. And then, with such a sunny current of true humour and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things ; what of fire he had all lying so beautifully *latent*, as radical heat, as fruitful internal warmth of life ; a most robust, healthy man ! The truth is, our best definition of Scott were perhaps even this, that he was, if no great man, then something much pleasanter to be, a robust, thoroughly healthy and withal very prosperous and victorious man. An eminently well-conditioned man, healthy in body, healthy in soul ; we will call him one of the *healthiest* of men.

90. Perfection Unattainable. In all things, writing or other, which a man engages in, there is the indispensablest beauty in knowing *how to get done*. A man frets himself to no purpose ; he has not the sleight of the trade ; he is not a craftsman, but an unfortunate bungler, if he know not when to have done. Perfection is unattainable : no carpenter ever made a mathematically accurate right-angle in the world ; yet all carpenters know when it is right enough, and do not botch it, and lose their wages, by making it too right. Too much painstaking speaks disease in one's mind, as well as too little.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS : CHARTISM

91. Injustice. It is not what a man outwardly has or wants that constitutes the happiness or misery of him. Nakedness, hunger, distress of all kinds, death itself have been cheerfully suffered, when the heart was right. It is the feeling of *injustice* that is insupportable to all men. The brutalist black African cannot bear that he should be used unjustly.

No man can bear it, or ought to bear it. A deeper law than any parchment-law whatsoever, a law written direct by the hand of God in the inmost being of man, incessantly protests against it. What is injustice? Another name for *disorder*, for un-*veracity*, unreality; a thing which veracious created Nature, even because it is not Chaos and a waste-whirling baseless Phantasm, rejects and disowns. It is not the outward pain of injustice; that, were it even the flaying of the back with knotted scourges, the severing of the head with guillotines, is comparatively a small matter. The real smart is the soul's pain and stigma, the hurt inflicted on the moral self. The rudest clown must draw himself up into attitude of battle, and resistance to the death, if such be offered him. He cannot live under it; his own soul aloud, and all the Universe with silent continual beckonings, says, It cannot be. He must revenge himself; *revancher* himself, make himself good again,—that so *meum* may be mine, *tuum* thine, and each party standing clear on his own basis, order be restored. There is something infinitely respectable in this, and we may say universally respected; it is the common stamp of manhood vindicating itself in all of us, the basis of whatever is worthy in all of us, and through superficial diversities, the same in all.

92. Rights. What are the rights of men? All men are justified in demanding and searching for their rights; moreover, justified or not, they will do it: by Chartisms, Radicalisms, French Revolutions, or whatsoever methods they have. Rights surely are right: on the other hand, this other saying is most true, 'Use every man according to his *rights*, and who shall escape whipping?' These two things we say, are both true; and both are essential to make up the whole truth. All good men know always

and feel, each for himself, that the one is not less true than the other; and act accordingly. The contradiction is of the surface only; as in opposite sides of the same fact: universal in this *dualism* of a life we have. Between these two extremes, Society and all human things must fluctuatingly adjust themselves the best they can.

93. Society and Property. The British reader often reads and hears in this time, that Society 'exists for the protection of property.' To which it is added, that the poor man also has property, namely his 'labour,' and the fifteen-pence or three-and-sixpence a-day he can get for that. True enough, O friends, 'for protecting *property*'; most true: and indeed, if you will once sufficiently enforce that Eighth Commandment, the whole 'rights of man' are well cared for; I know no better definition of the rights of man. *Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not be stolen from*: what a Society were that; Plato's Republic, More's Utopia mere emblems of it! Give every man what is his, the accurate price of what he has done and been, no man shall any more complain, neither shall the earth suffer any more. For the protection of property, in very truth, and for that alone!

And now what is thy property? That parchment title-deed, that purse thou buttonest in thy breeches-pocket? Is that thy valuable property? Unhappy brother, most poor insolvent brother, I without parchment at all, with purse oftenest in the flaccid state, imponderous, which will not fling against the wind, have quite other property than that! I have the miraculous breath of Life in me, breathed into my nostrils by Almighty God. I have affections, thoughts, a god-given *capability* to be and do; rights, therefore, the right for instance to thy love if I love thee, to thy guidance if I obey thee: the strongest rights whereof in church-pulpits one still

hear something, though almost unintelligible now ; rights stretching high into Immensity, far into Eternity ! Fifteen-pence a-day ; three-and-sixpence a-day ; eight hundred pounds and odd a-day, dost thou call that my property ? I value that little ; little all I could purchase with that. For truly, as is said, what matters it ? In torn boots, in soft-hung carriages-and-four, a man gets always to his journey's end. Socrates walked barefoot, or in wooden shoes, and yet arrived happily. They never asked him, *What* shoes or conveyance ? never, What wages hadst thou ? but simply, What work didst thou ? —Property, O brother ? 'Of my very body I have but a life-rent.' As for this flaccid purse of mine, 'tis something, nothing ; has been the slave of pickpockets, cutthroats, Jew-brokers, gold-dust robbers ; 'twas his, 'tis mine ; —'tis thine, if thou care much to steal it. But my soul, breathed into me by God, my *Me* and what capability is there ; that is mine, and I will resist the stealing of it. I call that mine and not thine ; I will keep that, and do what work I can with it : God has given it me, the Devil shall not take it away ! Alas, my friends, Society exists and has existed for a great many purposes, not so easy to specify !

94. Rights. Rights I will permit thee to call everywhere "correctly-articulated *mights*." A dreadful business to articulate correctly ! Consider those Barons of Runnymede ; consider all manner of successfully revolting men ! Your Great Charter has to be experimented on, by battle and debate, for a hundred-and-fifty years ; is then found to be correct ; and stands as true *Magna Charta*,—nigh cut in pieces by a tailor, short of measures, in later generations. *Mights*, I say, are a dreadful business to articulate correctly ! Yet articulated they have to be ; the time comes for it, the need comes for it,

and with enormous difficulty and experimenting it is got done. Call it not succession of rebellions; call it rather succession of expansions, of enlightenments, gift of articulate utterance descending ever lower. Class after class acquires faculty of utterance, —Necessity teaching and compelling; as the dumb man, seeing the knife at his father's throat, suddenly acquired speech! Consider too how class after class not only acquires faculty of articulating what its might is, but likewise grows in might, acquires might or loses might; so that always, after a space, there is not only new gift of articulating, but there is something new to articulate. Constitutional epochs will never cease among men.

HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP

2 ✓ **95. Great Men and Universal History.** Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realisation and embodiment, of Thoughts that dwelt in the Great Men sent into the world: the soul of the whole world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these.

96. Religion. It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's, or a nation of men's. By religion I do not mean here the church-creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign and, in words or

otherwise, assert ; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. ✕ We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion ; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others) ; the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his *religion* ; or, it may be, his mere scepticism and *no-religion* : the manner it is in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the Unseen World or No-World ; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is The thoughts they had were the parents of the actions they did ; their feelings were parents of their thoughts : it was the unseen and spiritual in them that determined the outward and actual ;—their religion, as I say, was the great fact about them.

97. The World. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle ; wonderful, inscrutable, *magical* and more, to whosoever will *think* of it. That great mystery of Time, were there no other ; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which *are*, and then *are not* : this is forever very literally a miracle ; a thing to strike us dumb,—for we have no word to speak about it. This Universe, ah me—what could

the wild man know of it ; what can we yet know ? That it is a Force, and thousandfold Complexity of Forces ; a Force which is *not we*. That is all ; it is not we, it is altogether different from *us*. Force, Force, everywhere Force ; we ourselves a mysterious Force in the centre of that. ' There is not a leaf rotting on the highway but has Force in it : how else could it rot ? ' Nay surely, to the Atheistic Thinker, if such a one were possible, it must be a miracle too, this huge illimitable whirlwind of Force, which envelopes us here ; never-resting whirlwind, high as Immensity, old as Eternity. What is it ? God's creation, the religious people answer ; it is the Almighty God's ! . Atheistic science babbles poorly of it, with scientific nomenclatures, experiments, and what-not, as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled-up in Leyden jars and sold over counters : but the natural sense of man, in all times, if he will honestly apply his sense, proclaims it to be a living thing,—ah, an unspeakable, godlike thing, towards which the best attitude for us, after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration and humility of soul ; worship if not in words, then in silence.

98. Man. You have heard of St. Chrysostom's celebrated saying in reference to the Shekinah, or Ark of Testimony, visible Revelation of God, among the Hebrews : " The true Shekinah is Man ! " Yes, it is even so : this is no vain phrase ; it is veritably so. The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself " I,"—ah, what words have we for such things ?—is a breath of Heaven ; the Highest Being reveals himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all as a vesture for that Unnamed ? ' There is but one Temple in the Universe,' says the devout Novalis, ' and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this

Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!"

✓✓ **99. Hero-Worship.** Worship of a Hero is transcendent admiration of a Great Man. I say great men are still admirable; I say there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable! No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life. Religion I find stands upon it; not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions,—all religion hitherto known. Hero-worship, heartfelt prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest godlike Form of Man,—is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all Heroes is One—whom we do not name here! Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter; you will find it the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth.

✓✓ **100. Need for Great Men.** If we will think of it, no Time need have gone to ruin, could it have *found* a man great enough, a man wise and good enough: wisdom to discern truly what the Time wanted, valour to lead it on the right road thither; these are the salvation of any Time. But I liken common languid Times, with their unbelief, distress, perplexity, with their languid doubting characters and embarrassed circumstances, impotently crumbling-down into ever worse distress towards final ruin;—all this I liken to dry dead fuel, waiting for the lightning out of Heaven that shall kindle it. The great man, with his free force direct out of God's own hand, is the lightning. His word is the wise healing word which all can believe in. All blazes round him now, when he has once struck on it, into fire like his own. The dry mouldering sticks are thought to have called him forth. They did want

him greatly ; but as to calling him forth—!—Those are critics of small vision, I think, who cry : “ See, is it not the sticks that made the fire ? ” In all epochs of the world’s history we shall find the Great Man to have been the indispensable saviour of his epoch ;—the lightning, without which the fuel never would have burnt. The History of the World, I said already, was the Biography of Great Men.

101. Facts and Man’s Nature. Curious to think how, for every man, any the truest fact is modelled by the nature of the man ! I said. The earnest man speaking to his brother men, must always have stated what seemed to him a *fact*, a real Appearance of Nature. But the way in which such Appearance or fact shaped itself,—what sort of *fact* it became for him,—was and is modified by his own laws of thinking ; deep, subtle, but universal, ever-operating laws. The world of Nature, for every man, is the Phantasy of Himself ; this world is the multiplex “ Image of his own Dream.”

102. Pagan Mythologies. The essence of Scandinavian, as indeed of all Pagan Mythologies, we found to be recognition of the divineness of Nature ; sincere communion of man with the mysterious invisible Powers visibly seen at work in the world round him. This, I should say, is more sincerely done in the Scandinavian than in any Mythology I know. Sincerity is the great characteristic of it. Superior sincerity (far superior) consoles us for the total want of old Grecian grace. Sincerity, I think, is better than grace. I feel that these old Northmen were looking into Nature with open eye and soul : most earnest, honest ; childlike, and yet manlike ; with a great-hearted simplicity and depth and freshness, in a true, loving, admiring, unfearing way. A right valiant, true old race of men. Such recognition of Nature one finds to be the chief element of

Paganism : recognition of Man, and his Moral Duty, though this too is not wanting, comes to be the chief element only in purer forms of religion. Here, indeed, is a great distinction and epoch in Human Beliefs ; a great landmark in the religious development of Mankind. Man first puts himself in relation with Nature and her Powers, wonders and worships over those ; not till a later epoch does he discern that all Power is Moral, that the grand point is the distinction for him of Good and Evil, of *Thou shalt* and *Thou shalt not*. *(peace be in this)*

103. **Mahomet.** This Mahomet . . . we will in no wise consider as an Inanity and Theatricality, a poor conscious ambitious schemer ; we cannot conceive him so. The rude message he delivered was a real one withal ; an earnest confused voice from the unknown Deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below ; no Inanity and Simulacrum ; a fiery mass of Life cast-up from the great bosom of Nature herself. To *kindle* the world ; the world's Maker had ordered it so. Neither can the faults, imperfections, insincerities even, of Mahomet, if such were never so well proved against him, shake this primary fact about him.

On the whole, we make too much of faults ; the details of the business hide the real centre of it. Faults ? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Readers of the Bible above all, one would think, might know better, Who is called there ' the man according to God's own heart ' ? David, the Hebrew King, had fallen into sins enough ; blackest crimes ; there was no want of sins. And thereupon the unbelievers sneer and ask, Is this your man according to God's heart ? The sneer, I must say, seems to me but a shallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life ; if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations,

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true, often baffled, never-ended struggle of it, be forgotten? 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.' Of all acts, is not, for a man, *repentance* the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin;—that is death, the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility and fact; is dead: it is 'pure' as dead dry sand is pure. David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below.

✓ **104. Book of Job.** Biblical critics seem agreed that our own *Book of Job* was written [in Arabia]. I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book; all men's Book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending Problem,—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity; in its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true* everyway; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual: the Horse,—'hast thou clothed his neck with *thunder*?'—he '*laughs* at the shaking of the spear!' Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind;—so soft, and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars. There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.

105. Capabilities of Great Men. The Hero can be Poet, Prophet, King, Priest or what you will, according to the kind of world he finds himself born into.

I confess, I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be *all* sorts of men. The Poet who could merely sit on a chair, and compose stanzas, would never make a stanza worth much. He could not sing the Heroic warrior, unless he himself were at least a Heroic warrior too. I fancy there is in him the Politician, the Thinker, Legislator, Philosopher;—in one or the other degree, he could have been, he is all these. So too I cannot understand how a Mirabeau, with that great glowing heart, with the fire that was in it, with the bursting tears that were in it, could not have written verses, tragedies, poems, and touched all hearts in that way, had his course of life and education led him thitherward. The grand fundamental character is that of Great Man; that the man be great. Napoleon has words in him which are like Austerlitz Battles. Louis Fourteenth's Marshals are a kind of poetical men withal; the things Turenne says are full of sagacity and geniality, like sayings of Samuel Johnson. The great heart, the clear deep-seeing eye: there it lies; no man whatever, in what province soever, can prosper at all without these. Petrarch and Boccaccio did diplomatic messages, it seems, quite well: one can easily believe it; they had done things a little harder than these! Burns, a gifted song-writer, might have made a still better Mirabeau. Shakspeare,—one knows not what *he* could not have made, in the supreme degree. True there are aptitudes of Nature too. Nature does not make all great men, more than all other men, in the self-same mould. Varieties of aptitude doubtless; but infinitely more of circumstance; and far oftenest it is the *latter* only that are looked to.

106. **Dante** (1265–1321). That Portrait [of Dante] commonly attributed to Giotto, which, looking on it, you cannot help inclining to think genuine,

whoever did it. To me it is a most touching face ; perhaps of all faces that I know, the most so. Lonely there, painted as on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it ; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless ;—significant of the whole history of Dante ! I think it is the mournfulest face that ever was painted from reality ; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child ; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud hopeless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking-out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice ! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent scornful one : the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing that is eating-out his heart,—as if it were withal a mean insignificant thing, as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, and lifelong unsundering battle, against the world. Affection all converted into indignation ; an implacable indignation ; slow, equable, silent, like that of a god ! The eye too, it looks-out in a kind of *surprise*, a kind of inquiry. Why the world was of such a sort ? This is Dante : so he looks, this ‘ voice of ten silent centuries,’ and sings us ‘ his mystic unfathomable song.’

107. Dante’s “ Divine Comedy.” I give Dante my highest praise when I say of his *Divine Comedy* that it is, in all senses, genuinely a Song. In the very sound of it there is a *canto fermo* ; it proceeds as by a chant. The language, his simple *terza rima*, doubtless helped him in this. One reads along naturally with a sort of *lilt*. But I add, that it could not be otherwise ; for the essence and material of the work are themselves rhythmic. Its depth, and rapt passion

and sincerity, makes it musical ;—go *deep* enough, there is music everywhere. A true inward *symmetry*, what one calls an architectural harmony, reigns in it, proportionates it all : architectural ; which also partakes of the character of music. The three kingdoms, *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, *Paradiso*, look-out on one another like compartments of a great edifice ; a great supernatural world-cathedral, piled-up there, stern, solemn, awful ; Dante's World of Souls ! It is, at bottom, the *sincerest* of all Poems ; sincerity, here too, we find to be the measure of worth. It came deep out of the author's heart of hearts ; and it goes deep, and through long generations, into ours. The people of Verona, when they saw him on the streets, used to say, "*Eccovi l'uom ch' è stato all' Inferno*, See there is the man that was in Hell !" Ah yes, he had been in Hell ;—in Hell enough, in long severe sorrow and struggle : as the like of him is pretty sure to have been. Commedias that come-out *divine* are not accomplished otherwise. Thought, true labour of any kind, highest virtue itself, is it not the daughter of Pain ? Born as out of black whirlwind ;—true *effort*, in fact, as of a captive struggling to free himself : that is Thought. In all ways we are 'to become perfect through *suffering*,'—But, as I say, no work known to me is so elaborated as this of Dante's. It has all been as if molten, in the hottest furnace of his soul. It had made him 'lean' for many years. Not the general whole only ; every compartment of it is worked-out, with intense earnestness, into truth, into clear *visuality*. Each answers to the other ; each fits in its place, like a marble stone accurately hewn and polished. It is the soul of Dante, and in this the soul of the middle ages, rendered forever *rhythmically* visible there. No light task, a right intense one : but a task which is *done*.

Perhaps one would say, *intensity*, with the much that depends on it, is the prevailing character of Dante's genius. Dante does not come before us as a large catholic mind ; rather as a narrow, and even sectarian mind : it is partly the fruit of his age and position, but partly too of his own nature. His greatness has, in all senses, concentrated itself into fiery emphasis and depth. He is world-great not because he is world-wide, but because he is world-deep. Through all objects he pierces as it were down into the heart of Being. His silence is more eloquent than words. It is strange with what a sharp decisive grace he snatches the true likeness of a matter : cuts into the matter as with a pen of fire.

108. Faculties. We talk of faculties as if they were distinct, things separable ; as if a man had intellect, imagination, fancy, etc., as he has hands, feet and arms. That is a capital error. Then again, we hear of a man's 'intellectual nature,' and of his 'moral nature,' as if these again were divisible, and existed apart. Necessities of language do perhaps prescribe such forms of utterance ; we must speak, I am aware, in that way, if we are to speak at all. But words ought not to harden into things for us. It seems to me, our apprehension of this matter is, for most part, radically falsified thereby. We ought to know withal, and to keep forever in mind, that these divisions are at bottom but *names* ; that man's spiritual nature, the vital Force which dwells in him, is essentially one and indivisible ; that what we call imagination, fancy, understanding, and so forth, are but different figures of the same Power of Insight, all indissolubly connected with each other, physiologically related ; that if we knew one of them, we might know all of them. Morality itself, what we call the moral quality of a man, what is this but another *side* of the one vital Force whereby he is

and works? All that a man does is physiognomical of him. You may see how a man would fight, by the way in which he sings; his courage, or want of courage, is visible in the word he utters, in the opinion he has formed, no less than in the stroke he strikes. He is *one*; and preaches the same Self abroad in all these ways.

Without hands a man might have feet, and could still walk: but, consider it,—without morality, intellect were impossible for him; a thoroughly immoral *man* could not know anything at all! To know a thing, what we call knowing, a man must first *love* the thing, sympathise with it: that is, be *virtuously* related to it. If he have not the justice to put down his own selfishness at every turn, the courage to stand by the dangerous-true at every turn, how shall he know? His virtues, all of them, will lie recorded in his knowledge. Nature, with her truth, remains to the bad, to the selfish and the pusillanimous forever a sealed book: what such can know of Nature is mean, superficial, small; for the uses of the day merely.

✓ **109. Shakspeare's Art.** If I say that Shakspeare is the greatest of Intellects, I have said all concerning him. But there is more in Shakspeare's intellect than we have yet seen. It is what I call an unconscious intellect; there is more virtue in it than he himself is aware of. Novalis beautifully remarks of him, that those Dramas of his are Products of Nature too, deep as Nature herself. I find a great truth in this saying. Shakspeare's Art is not Artifice; the noblest worth of it is not there by plan or contrivance. It grows-up from the deeps of Nature, through this noble sincere soul, who is a voice of Nature. The latest generations of men will find new meanings in Shakspeare, new elucidations of their own human being; 'new harmonies with the infinite

structure of the Universe ; concurrences with later ideas, affinities with the higher powers and senses of man.' This well deserves meditating. It is Nature's highest reward to a true simple great soul, that he get thus to be *a part of herself*. Such a man's works, whatsoever he with utmost conscious exertion and forethought shall accomplish, grow up withal unconsciously, from the unknown deeps in him ;—as the oak-tree grows from the Earth's bosom, as the mountains and waters shape themselves ; with a symmetry grounded on Nature's own laws, conformable to all Truth whatsoever. How much in Shakspeare lies hid ; his sorrows, his silent struggles known to himself ; much that was not known at all, not speakable at all : like *roots*, like sap and forces working underground ! Speech is great ; but Silence is greater.

110. Hero-Worship and Protestantism. At first view it might seem as if Protestantism were entirely destructive to this that we call Hero-Worship, and represent as the basis of all possible good, religious or social, for mankind. One often hears it said that Protestantism introduced a new era, radically different from any the world had ever seen before : the era of 'private judgment,' as they call it. . . . Now I need not deny that Protestantism was a revolt against spiritual sovereignties, Popes and much else. Nay I will grant that English Puritanism, revolt against earthly sovereignties, was the second act of it ; that the enormous French Revolution itself was the third act, whereby all sovereignties earthly and spiritual were, as might seem, abolished or made sure of abolition. Protestantism is the grand root from which our whole subsequent European History branches out. For the spiritual will always body itself forth in the temporal history of men ; the spiritual is the beginning of the temporal.

. . . But I find Protestantism, whatever anarchic democracy it have produced, to be the beginning of a new genuine sovereignty and order. I find it to be a revolt against *false* sovereigns ; the painful but indispensable first preparative for *true* sovereigns getting place among us ! . . .

This of 'private judgment' is, at bottom, not a new thing in the world, but only new at that epoch of the world. There is nothing generically new or peculiar in the Reformation ; it was a return to Truth and Reality in opposition to Falsehood and Semblance, as all kinds of Improvement and genuine Teaching are and have been. Liberty of private judgment, if we will consider it, must at all times have existed in the world. . . . And now I venture to assert, that the exercise of private judgment, faithfully gone about, does by no means necessarily end in selfish independence, isolation ; but rather ends necessarily in the opposite of that. It is not honest inquiry that makes anarchy ; but it is error, insincerity, half-belief and untruth that make it. A man protesting against error is on the way towards uniting himself with all men that believe in truth. There is no communion possible among men who believe only in hearsays. The heart of each is lying dead ; has no power of sympathy even with *things*,—or he would believe *them* and not hearsays. No sympathy even with things ; how much less with his fellow-men ! He cannot unite with men ; he is an anarchic man. Only in a world of sincere men is unity possible ;—and there, in the long run, it is as good as *certain*.

For observe one thing : That it is not necessary a man should himself have *discovered* the truth he is to believe in, and never so *sincerely* to believe in. A Great Man, we said, was always sincere, as the first condition of him. But a man need not be

great in order to be sincere : that is not the necessity of Nature and all Time, but only of certain corrupt unfortunate epochs of Time. A man can believe, and make his own, in the most genuine way, what he has received from another ;—and with boundless gratitude to that other ! The merit of *originality* is not novelty, it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man ; whatsoever he believes, he believes it for himself, not for another. Every son of Adam can become a sincere man, an original man, in this sense ; no mortal is doomed to be an insincere man. . . .

111. Greatest Scene in European History. The Diet of Worms, Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April 1521, may be considered as the greatest scene in Modern European History ; the point, indeed, from which the whole subsequent history of civilization takes its rise. After multiplied negotiations, disputations, it had come to this. The young Emperor Charles Fifth, with all the Princes of Germany, Papal nuncios, dignitaries spiritual and temporal, are assembled there : Luther is to appear and answer for himself, whether he will recant or not. The world's pomp and power sits there on this hand : on that, stands-up for God's Truth, one man, the poor miner Hans Luther's son. Friends had reminded him of Huss, advised him not to go ; he would not be advised. A large company of friends rode-out to meet him, with still more earnest warnings ; he answered, " Were there as many Devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on." The people, on the morrow, as he went to the Hall of Diet, crowded the windows and housetops, some of them calling out to him, in solemn words, not to recant : " Who-soever denieth me before men ! " they cried to him,—as in a kind of solemn petition and adjuration. Was it not in reality our petition too, the petition of the

whole world, lying in dark bondage of soul, paralysed under a black spectral Nightmare and triple-hatted Chimera, calling itself Father in God, and what not :
“ Free us ; it rests with thee ; desert us not ! ”

... “ Confute me,” he concluded, “ by proofs of Scripture, or else by plain just arguments : I cannot recant otherwise. For it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I ; I can do no other : God assist me ! ”—It is, as we say, the greatest moment in the Modern History of Men. English Puritanism, England and its Parliaments, Americas, and vast work these two centuries ; French Revolution, Europe and its work everywhere at present : the germ of it all lay there : had Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise ! The European World was asking him : Am I to sink ever lower into falsehood, stagnant putrescence, loathsome accursed death ; or, with whatever paroxysm, to cast the falsehoods out of me, and be cured and live ?

112. John Knox (1513-72). In the history of Scotland I can find properly but one epoch : we may say, it contains nothing of world-interest at all but this Reformation by Knox. A poor barren country, full of continual broils, dissensions, massacres ; a people in the last state of rudeness and destitution, little better perhaps than Ireland at this day. Hungry fierce barons, not so much as able to form any arrangement with each other *how to divide* what they fleeced from these poor drudges ; but obliged, as the Columbian Republics are at this day, to make of every alteration a revolution ; no way of changing a ministry but by hanging the old ministers on gibbets : this is a historical spectacle of no very singular significance ! ‘ Bravery enough, I doubt not ; fierce fighting in abundance ; but not braver or fiercer than that of their old Scandinavian

Sea-king ancestors ; *whose* exploits we have not found worth dwelling on ! It is a country as yet without a soul : nothing developed in it but what is rude, external, semi-animal. And now at the Reformation the internal life is kindled, as it were, under the ribs of this outward material death. A cause, the noblest of causes kindles itself, like a beacon set on high ; high as Heaven, yet attainable from Earth ;—whereby the meanest man becomes not a Citizen only, but a Member of Christ's visible Church ; a veritable Hero, if he prove a true man !

113. The Hero. The Hero is he who lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine and Eternal, which exists always, unseen to most, under the Temporary, Trivial : his being is in that ; he declares that abroad, by act or speech as it may be, in declaring himself abroad. His life as we said before, is a piece of the everlasting heart of Nature herself : all men's life is,—but the weak many know not the fact, and are untrue to it, in most times ; the strong few are strong, heroic, perennial, because it cannot be hidden from them.

114. Books. Certainly the Art of Writing is the most miraculous of all things man has devised. Odin's *Runes* were the first form of the work of a Hero ; *Books*, written words, are still miraculous *Runes*, the latest form ! In Books lies the *soul* of the whole Past Time ; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbours and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed, many-engined,—they are precious, great : but what do they become ? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses, and their Greece ; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb mournful wrecks and blocks : but the Books of Greece ! There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally

lives ; can be called-up again into life. No magic *Rune* is stranger than a Book. All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been : it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

Do not Books still accomplish *miracles*, as *Runes* were fabled to do ? They persuade men. Not the wretchedest circulating-library novel, which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages, but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of those foolish girls. So 'Celia' felt, so 'Clifford' acted : the foolish Theorem of Life, stamped into those young brains, comes out as a solid Practice one day. Consider whether any *Rune* in the wildest imagination of Mythologists ever did such wonders as, on the actual firm Earth, some Books have done ! What built St. Paul's Cathedral ? Look at the heart of the matter, it was that divine Hebrew Book,—the word partly of the man Moses, an outlaw tending his Midianitish herds, four-thousand years ago, in the wilderness of Sinai ! It is the strangest of things, yet nothing is truer. With the art of Writing, of which Printing is a simple, an inevitable and comparatively insignificant corollary, the true reign of miracles for mankind commenced. It related, with a wondrous new contiguity and perpetual closeness, the Past and Distant with the Present in time and place ; all times and all places with this our actual Here and Now. All things were altered for men ; all modes of important work of men : teaching, preaching, governing, and all else.

115. Utilitarianism.¹ I call this gross, steam-engine Utilitarianism an approach towards new Faith. It was a laying-down of cant ; a saying to oneself : " Well then, this world is a dead iron machine, the god of it Gravitation and selfish Hunger ;

¹ See Note 7.

let us see what, by checking and balancing, and good adjustment of tooth and pinion, can be made of it ! ” Benthamism has something complete, manful, in such fearless committal of itself to what it finds true ; you may call it Heroic, though a Heroism with its eyes put out ! It is the culminating point, and fearless ultimatum, of what lay in the half-and-half state, pervading man’s whole existence in that Eighteenth Century. . . . But, he who discerns nothing but Mechanism in the Universe has in the fatalist way missed the secret of the Universe altogether. That all Godhood should vanish out of men’s conception of this Universe seems to me precisely the most brutal error. . . . A man who thinks so will think *wrong* about all things in the world ; this original sin will vitiate all other conclusions he can form. . . . Whatsoever is noble, divine, inspired, drops thereby out of life. . . . How can a man act heroically ? The ‘ Doctrine of Motives ’ will teach him that it is, under more or less disguise, nothing but a wretched love of Pleasure, fear of Pain ; that Hunger, of applause, of cash, of whatsoever victual it may be, is the ultimate fact of man’s life. . . .

116. Belief. Belief I define to be the healthy act of a man’s mind. It is a mysterious indescribable process, that of getting to believe ;—indescribable, as all vital acts are. We have our mind given us, not that it may cavil and argue, but that it may see into something, give us clear belief and understanding about something, whereon we are then to proceed to act. Doubt, truly, is not itself a crime. Certainly we do not rush out, clutch-up the first thing we find, and straightway believe that ! All manner of doubt, inquiry, about all manner of things, dwells in every reasonable mind. It is the mystic working of the mind, on the object it is *getting* to know and believe.

Belief comes out of all this, above ground, like the tree from its hidden *roots*. But now if, even on common things, we require that a man keep his doubts *silent*, and not babble of them till they in some measure become affirmations or denials; how much more in regard to the highest things, impossible to speak of in words at all!

117. Responsibility for Self. Each one of us here, let the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a Life of his own to lead? One Life; a little gleam of Time between two Eternities; no second chance to us forevermore! It were well for *us* to live not as fools and simulacra, but as wise and realities. The world's being saved will not save us; nor the world's being lost destroy us. We should look to ourselves: there is great merit here in the 'duty of staying at home!'

118. Silence and Speech. The great *silent* men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of *Silence*. The noble, silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no Morning Newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had no *roots*; which had all turned into leaves and boughs;—which must soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*, or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death! It alone is great; all else is small. . . . But now, by way of counterpoise to this of Silence, let me say that there are two kinds of ambition; one wholly blameable, the other laudable and inevitable. Nature has provided that the great silent Samuel Johnson shall not be silent too long.

The selfish wish to shine over others, let it be accounted altogether poor and miserable. 'Seekest thou great things, seek them not'; this is most true. And yet, I say, there is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop himself according to the magnitude which Nature has made him of; to speak-out, to act-out, what Nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable; nay it is a duty, and even the summary of duties for a man. The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold your *self*, to work what thing you have the faculty for.

119. Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821). Napoleon does by no means seem to me so great a man as Cromwell. His enormous victories which reached over all Europe, while Cromwell abode mainly in our little England, are but as the high *stilts* on which the man is seen standing; the stature of the man is not altered thereby. I find in him no such *sincerity* as in Cromwell, only a far inferior sort. No silent walking, through long years, with the Awful Unnameable of this Universe; 'walking with God,' as he called it; and faith and strength in that alone: *latent* thought and valour, content to lie latent, then burst out as in blaze of Heaven's lightning! Napoleon lived in an age when God was no longer believed; the meaning of all Silence, Latency, was thought to be Nonentity: he had to begin not out of the Puritan Bible, but out of poor Sceptical *Encyclopédies*. This was the length the man carried it. Meritorious to get so far. His compact, prompt, everyway articulate character is in itself perhaps small, compared with our great chaotic *inarticulate* Cromwell's. . . .

Yet Napoleon *had* a sincerity: we are to distinguish between what is superficial and what is fundamental in insincerity. Across these outer manœuvrings and quackeries of his, which were many and most

blameable, let us learn to discern withal that the man had a certain instinctive ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact, so long as he had any basis. He has an instinct of Nature better than his culture was. . . .

And accordingly was there not what we can call a *faith* in him, genuine so far as it went? That this new enormous Democracy asserting itself here in the French Revolution is an insuppressible Fact, which the whole world, with its old forces and institutions, cannot put down; this was a true insight of his, and took his conscience and enthusiasm along with it,—a *faith*. And did he not interpret the dim purport of it well? '*La carrière ouverte aux talents*, The implements to him who can handle them': this actually is the truth, and even the whole truth; it includes whatever the French Revolution, or any Revolution, could mean. Napoleon in his first period, was a true Democrat. And yet by the nature of him, fostered too by his military trade, he knew that Democracy, if it were a true thing at all, could not be an anarchy: the man had a heart-hatred for anarchy. . . . To bridle-in that great devouring, self-devouring French Revolution; to *tame* it, so that its intrinsic purpose can be made good, that it may become *organic*, and be able to live among other organisms and *formed* things, not as a wasting destruction alone: is not this still what he partly aimed at, as the true purport of his life; nay what he actually managed to do? Through Wagrams, Austerlitzes; triumph after triumph,—he triumphed so far. There was an eye to see in this man, a soul to dare and do. He rose naturally to be the King. . . . At this point, I think, the fatal charlatan-element got the upper hand. He apostatised from his old faith in Facts, took to believing in Semblances; strove to connect himself with Austrian Dynasties,

Popedoms, with the old false Feudalities which he once saw clearly to be false;—considered that *he* would found “his Dynasty” and so forth; that the enormous French Revolution meant only that! The man was ‘given-up to strong delusion, that he should believe a lie’; a fearful but most sure thing. He did not know true from false now when he looked at them,—the fearfulest penalty a man pays for yielding to untruth of heart. *Self* and false ambition had now become his god: *self*-deception once yielded to, *all* other deceptions follow naturally more and more.

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PAST AND PRESENT

120. Justice and Success. In this God’s-world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it,—I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, “In God’s name, No!” Thy “success”? Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded.

121. Fact and Semblance. The inner sphere of Fact, in this present England as elsewhere, differs infinitely from the outer sphere and spheres of

Semblance. That the Temporary, here as elsewhere, is too apt to carry it over the Eternal. That he who dwells in the temporary Semblances, and does not penetrate into the eternal Substance, will *not* answer the Sphinx-riddle of Today, or of any Day. For the substance alone is substantial; that is the law of Fact; if you discover not that, Fact, who already knows it, will let you also know it by and by!

What is Justice? that, on the whole, is the question of the Sphinx to us. The law of Fact is, that Justice must and will be done. . . . "What is Justice?" The clothed embodied Justice that sits in Westminster Hall, with penalties, parchments, tipstaves, is very visible. But the *unembodied* Justice, whereof that other is either an emblem, or else is a fearful indescribability, is not so visible! For the unembodied Justice is of Heaven; a Spirit and Divinity of Heaven,—*invisible* to all but the noble and pure of soul. The impure ignoble gaze with eyes, and she is not there. They will prove it to you by logic, by endless Hansard Debatings, by bursts of Parliamentary eloquence. It is not consolatory to behold! For properly, as many men as there are in a Nation who *can* withal see Heaven's invisible Justice, and know it to be on Earth also omnipotent, so many men are there who stand between a Nation and perdition.

122. The Present. The Past is a dim indubitable fact: the Future too is one, only dimmer; nay properly it is the *same* fact in new dress and development. For the Present holds in it both the whole Past and the whole Future;—as the Life-Tree-Igdrasil, wide-waving, many-toned, has its roots down deep in the Death-kingdoms, among the oldest dead dust of men, and with its boughs reaches always beyond the stars; and in all times and places is one and the same Life-tree!

123. The Ballot and Truth.¹ Ballot-boxes, Reform Bills, winnowing-machines: all these are good, or not so good;—alas, brethren, how *can* these, I say, be other than inadequate, be other than failures, melancholy to behold? Dim all souls of men to the divine, the high and awful meaning of Worth and Truth, we shall never, by all the machinery in Birmingham, discover the True and Worthy. It is written, 'if we are ourselves valets, there shall exist no hero for us; we shall not know the hero when we see him';—we shall take the quack for a hero; and cry, audibly through all ballot-boxes and machinery whatsoever, Thou art he; be thou King over us!

What boots it? Seek only deceitful Speciosity, money with gilt carriages, 'fame' with newspaper-paragraphs, whatever name it will bear, you will find only deceitful Speciosity; godlike Reality will be forever far from you. The Quack shall be legitimate inevitable King of you; no earthly machinery able to exclude the Quack. Ye shall be born thralls of the Quack, and suffer under him, till your hearts are near broken, and no French Revolution or Manchester Insurrection, or partial or universal volcanic combustions and explosions, never so many, can do more than 'change the *figure* of your Quack'; the essence of him remaining, for a time and times.

124. Nature's Laws are Immutable. Nature's Laws are eternal: her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No one man can depart from the truth without damage to himself; no one million of men; no Twenty-seven Millions of men. Show me a Nation fallen everywhere into this course, so that each expects it, permits it to others and himself, I will show you a Nation travelling with one assent

¹ See Note 8.

on the broad way. The broad way, however many Banks of England, Cotton-Mills, and Duke's Palaces it may have. Not at happy Elysian fields, and everlasting crowns of victory, earned by silent Valour, will this Nation arrive; but at precipices, devouring gulfs, if it pause not. Nature has appointed happy fields, victorious laurel-crowns; but only to the brave and true: *Unnature*, what we call Chaos, holds nothing in it but vacuities, devouring gulfs. What are Twenty-seven Millions, and their unanimity? Believe them not: the Worlds and the Ages, God and Nature and All Men say otherwise.

125. The Englishman's Hell. The Hells of men and Peoples differ notably. With Christians it is the infinite terror of being found guilty before the Just Judge. With old Romans, I conjecture, it was the terror not of Pluto, for whom probably they cared little, but of doing unworthily, doing unvirtuously, which was their word for unmanfully. And now what is it, if you pierce through his Cants, his oft-repeated Hearsays, what he calls his Worships and so forth,—what is it that the modern English soul does, in very truth, dread infinitely, and contemplate with entire despair? What is his Hell, after all these reputable, oft-repeated Hearsays, what is it? With hesitation, with astonishment, I pronounce it to be: The terror of "Not succeeding"; of not making money, fame, or some other figure in the world,—chiefly of not making money! Is not that a somewhat singular Hell?

126. Society a Mutual Hostility. With our Mammon-Gospel we have come to strange conclusions. We call it a Society; and go about professing openly the totalest separation, isolation. Our life is not a mutual helpfulness; but rather, cloaked under due laws-of-war, named 'fair competition' and so forth, it is a mutual hostility. We have profoundly

forgotten everywhere that *Cash-payment* is not the sole relation of human beings ; we think, nothing doubting, that *it* absolves and liquidates all engagements of man. " My starving workers ? " answers the rich mill-owner ; " Did not I hire them fairly in the market ? Did I not pay them, to the last sixpence, the sum covenanted for ? What have I to do with them more ? "—Verily Mammon-worship is a melancholy creed. When Cain, for his own behoof, had killed Abel, and was questioned, " Where is thy brother ? " he too made answer, " Am I my brother's keeper ? " Did I not pay my brother *his* wages, the thing he had merited from me ? . . .

To a deadened soul, seared with the brute Idolatry of Sense, to whom going to Hell is equivalent to not making money, all ' promises ' and moral duties, that cannot be pleaded for in Courts of Requests, address themselves in vain. Money he can be ordered to pay, but nothing more. I have not heard in all Past History, and expect not to hear in all Future History, of any Society anywhere under God's Heaven supporting itself on such Philosophy. The Universe is not made so ; it is made otherwise than so. The man or nation of men that thinks it is made so, marches forward nothing doubting, step after step ; but marches—whither we know !

127. Faith. The faith in an Invisible, Unnameable, Godlike, present everywhere in all that we see and work and suffer, is the essence of all faith whatsoever ; and that once denied, or still worse, asserted with lips only, and out of bound prayerbooks only, what other thing remains believable ?

128. The Greatest-Happiness Principle.¹ We construct our theory of Human Duties, not on any Greatest-Nobleness Principle, never so mistaken ; no, but on a Greatest-Happiness Principle. The word

¹ See Note 7.

Soul with us, as in some Slavonic dialects, seems to be synonymous with 'Stomach.' We plead and speak, in our Parliaments and elsewhere, not from the Soul, but from the Stomach;—wherefore indeed our pleadings are so slow to profit. We plead not for God's justice; we are not ashamed to stand clamouring and pleading for our own 'interests,' our own rents and trade-profits; we say, They are the 'interests' of so many; there is such an intense desire in us for them! We demand Free-Trade, with much just vociferation and benevolence, That the poorer classes, who are terribly ill-off at present, may have cheaper New-Orleans bacon. Men ask on Free-Trade platforms, How can the indomitable spirit of Englishmen be kept up without plenty of bacon? We shall become a ruined Nation!—Surely, my friends, plenty of bacon is good and indispensable: but, I doubt, you will never get even bacon by aiming only at that. You are men, not animals of prey, well-used or ill-used! Your Greatest-Happiness Principle seems to me becoming a rather unhappy one.—What if we should cease babbling about 'happiness,' and leave *it* resting on its own basis, as it used to do! . . .

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done. Not "I can't eat!" but "I can't work!" that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man, That he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness,—it is all abolished; vanished, clean gone; a thing that has been: 'not of the slightest consequence' whether we were happy as eupeptic Curtis, as the

fattest pig of Epicurus, or unhappy as Job with potsherds, . . . !

129. 'Selling' Land. Men talk of 'selling' Land. Land, it is true, like Epic Poems and even higher things, in such a trading world, has to be presented in the market for what it will bring, and as we say be 'sold': but the notion of 'selling,' for certain bits of metal, the *Iliad* of Homer, how much more the Land of the World-Creator, is a ridiculous impossibility! We buy what is saleable of it; nothing more was ever buyable. Who can or could sell it to us? Properly speaking, the Land belongs to these two: To the Almighty God; and to all His Children of Men that have ever worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it. No generation of men can or could, with never such solemnity and effort, sell Land on any other principle: it is not the property of any generation, we may say, but that of all the past generations that have worked on it, and of all the future ones that shall work on it.

Again, we hear it said, The soil of England, or of any country, is properly worth nothing, except 'the labour bestowed on it.' This, speaking even in the language of Eastcheap, is not correct. The rudest space of country equal in extent to England, could a whole English Nation, with all their habitudes, arrangements, skills, with whatsoever they do carry within the skins of them and cannot be stript of, suddenly take wing and alight on it,—would be worth a very considerable thing! Swiftly, within year and day, this English Nation, with its multiplex talents of ploughing, spinning, hammering, mining, road-making and trafficking, would bring a handsome value out of such a space of country. . . . The soil of all countries belongs evermore, in a very considerable degree to the Almighty Maker! The

last stroke of labour bestowed on it is not the making of its value, but only the increasing thereof.

130. Laissez-faire.¹ One thing I do know: Never, on this Earth, was the relation of man to man long carried on by Cash-payment alone. If, at any time, a philosophy of Laissez-faire, Competition and Supply-and-Demand, start up as the exponent of human relations, expect that it will soon end.

Such philosophies will arise: for man's philosophies are usually the 'supplement of his practice'; some ornamental Logic-varnish, some outer skin of Articulate Intelligence, with which he strives to render his dumb Instinctive Doings presentable when they are done. Such philosophies will arise as Mammon-Gospels, the ultimate Evangel of the World; be believed, with what is called Belief, with much superficial bluster, and a kind of shallow satisfaction real in its way:—but they are ominous gospels! They are the sure, and even swift, forerunner of great changes. Expect that the old System of Society is done, is dying, and fallen into dotage, when it begins to rave in that fashion. Most Systems that I have watched the death of, for the last three thousand years, have gone just so. The Ideal, the True and Noble that was in them having faded out and nothing now remaining but naked Egoism, vulturous Greediness, they cannot live; they are bound and inexorably ordained by the oldest Destinies, Mothers of the Universe, to die.

131. Battle and Justice. Man is created to fight; he is perhaps best of all definable as a born soldier; his life 'a battle and a march,' under the right General. It is forever indispensable for a man to fight: now with Necessity, with Barrenness, Scarcity, with Puddles, Bogs, tangled Forests, unkempt Cotton;—now also with the hallucinations of his

¹ See Note 6.

poor fellow Men. Hallucinatory visions rise in the head of my poor fellow man ; make him claim over me rights which are not his. All fighting, as we noticed long ago, is the dusty conflict of strengths, each thinking himself the strongest, or, in other words, the justest ;—of Might which do in the long-run, mean Rights. In conflict the perishable part of them, beaten sufficiently, flies off into dust : this process ended, appears the imperishable, the true and exact.

And now let us remark a second thing : how, in these baleful operations, a noble devout-hearted Chevalier will comport himself, and an ignoble godless Bucaneer and Chactaw Indian. Victory is the aim of each. • But deep in the heart of the noble man it lies forever legible, that as an Invisible Just God made him, so will and must God's Justice and this only, were it never so invisible, ultimately prosper in all controversies and enterprises and battles whatsoever. What an Influence ; ever-present,—like a Soul in the rudest Caliban of a body ; like a ray of Heaven, and illuminative creative *Fiat-Lux*, in the wastest terrestrial Chaos ! Blessed divine Influence, traceable even in the horror of Battlefields : how it ennobles even the Battlefield ; and, in place of a Chactaw Massacre, makes it a Field of Honour ! . . .

132. Sacredness of True Work. All true Work is sacred ; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow ; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart ; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up to that 'Agony of bloody sweat,' which all men have called divine ! O brother, if this is not 'worship,' then I say, the more pity for worship ; for this is the

noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow Workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind,—as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return *home* in honour; to thy far-distant Home, in honour, doubt it not,—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

133. Counsel of the Unseen. He who takes not counsel of the Unseen and Silent, from him will never come real visibility and speech. Thou must descend to the *Mothers*, to the *Manes*, and Hercules-like long suffer and labour there, wouldst thou emerge with victory into the sunlight. As in battle and the shock of war,—for is not this a battle?—thou too shalt fear no pain or death, shalt love no ease or life; the voice of festive Lubberlands, the noise of greedy Acheron shall alike lie silent under thy victorious feet. Thy work, like Dante's, shall 'make thee lean for many years.' The world and its wages, its criticisms, counsels, helps, impediments, shall be as waste ocean-flood; the chaos through which thou art to swim and sail. Not the waste waves and their weedy gulf-streams, shalt thou take for guidance: thy star alone,—'*Se tu segui tua stella!*' Thy star alone, now clear-beaming over

Chaos, nay now by bits gone out, disastrously eclipsed : this only shalt thou strive to follow. . . .

134. The Toilers' Lot. Life was never a May-game for men : in all times the lot of the dumb millions born to toil was defaced with manifold sufferings, injustices, heavy burdens, avoidable and unavoidable ; not play at all but hard work that made the sinews sore and the heart sore. . . .

And yet I will venture to believe that in no time, since the beginnings of Society, was the lot of those same dumb millions of toilers so entirely unbearable as it is even in the days now passing over us. It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched ; many men have died ; all men must die,—the last exit of us all is in a Fire-Chariot of Pain. But it is to live miserable we know not why ; to work sore and yet gain nothing ; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt-in with a cold universal *Laissez-faire* : it is to die slowly all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, Infinite Injustice, as in the accursed iron belly of a Phalaris' Bull ! This is and remains forever intolerable to all men whom God has made. Do we wonder at French Revolutions, Chartisms, Revolts of Three Days ? The times, if we will consider them, are really unexampled.

CROMWELL'S LIFE AND LETTERS

135. The Puritan Reformers. Our ancient Puritan Reformers were, as all Reformers that will ever much benefit this Earth are always, inspired by a Heavenly Purpose. To see God's own Law, then universally acknowledged for complete as it stood in the holy Written Book, made good in this world ; to see this, or the true unwearied aim and struggle towards this :

it was a thing worth living for and dying for! Eternal Justice; that God's Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven: corollaries enough will flow from that, if that be there; if that be not there, no corollary good for much will flow. It was the general spirit of England in the Seventeenth Century. In other somewhat sadly disfigured form we have seen the same immortal hope take practical shape in the French Revolution, and once more astonish the world. That England should all become a Church presided over not by sham-priests in 'Four surplices at Allhallowtide,' but by true god-consecrated ones, whose hearts the Most High had touched and hallowed with his fire:—this was the prayer of many, it was the godlike hope and effort of some.

136. Death-Warrant of Charles I. The King is thrice brought to the Bar; refuses to plead, comports himself with royal dignity, with royal haughtiness, strong in his divine right; 'smiles' contemptuously, 'looks with an austere countenance';—does not seem, till the very last, to have fairly believed that they would dare to sentence him. But they were men sufficiently provided with daring; men, we are bound to see, who sat there as in the Presence of the Maker of all men, as executing the judgments of Heaven above, and had not the fear of any man or thing on the Earth below. Bradshaw said to the King, "Sir, you are not permitted to issue out in these discourings. This Court is satisfied of its authority. No Court will bear to hear its authority questioned in that manner,"—"Clerk, read the Sentence!"

And so, under date Monday 29th January 1649, there is this stern Document to be introduced [the Death-Warrant] . . . "*Tetræ belluæ, ac molossis suis ferociores*, Hideous monsters, more ferocious than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise; shrieks all

the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction,—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead Pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay to be preferred think some, in point of horror, to ‘the Crucifixion of Christ.’ Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the Kings of Europe were cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret’s Churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English Regicides; and shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any Body of Men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread Phantoms, glaring supernal on you,—when once they are quelled and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the Phantom! The Phantom is a poor paper-lantern with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard. . . .

This action of the English Regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas—not till a new genuine Hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a Flunkyism and Cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.

137. Puritan Settlement of Ireland. The real procedure of the Puritan Commonwealth towards Ireland is not a matter of conjecture, or of report

by Lord Clarendon ; the documentary basis and scheme of it still stands in black-on-white, and can be read by all persons. In this Document the reader will find, set forth in authentic business-form, a Scheme of Settlement somewhat different from that of 'extermination' ; which, if he be curious in that matter, he ought to consult. First, it appears by this Document, 'all husbandmen, ploughmen, labourers, artificers and others of the meaner sort' of the Irish nation are to be,—not exterminated ; no, but rendered exempt from punishment and question, as to these Eight Years of blood and misery now ended ; which is a very considerable exception from the Clarendon Scheme ! Next, as to the Ringleaders, the rebellious Landlords, and Papist Aristocracy ; as to these also, there is a carefully-graduated scale of punishments established, that punishment and guilt may in some measure correspond. All that can be proved to have been concerned in the Massacre of Forty-one ; for these, and for certain other persons of the turncoat species, whose names are given, there shall be no pardon :—'extermination,' actual death on the gallows, or perpetual banishment and confiscation for these ; but not without legal inquiry and due trial first had, for these, or for any one. Then certain others, who have been in arms at certain dates against the Parliament, but not concerned in the Massacre : these are declared to have forfeited their estates ; but lands to the value of one-third of the same, as a modicum to live upon, shall be assigned them, where the Parliament thinks safest,—in the moorlands of Connaught, as it turned out. Then another class, who are open Papists and have *not* manifested their good affection to the Parliament : these are to forfeit one-third of their estates ; and continue quiet at their peril. Such is the Document ; which was regularly acted on ; fulfilled with as much

exactness as the case, now in the hands of very exact men, admitted of. . . .

Ireland, under this arrangement, would have grown-up gradually into a sober diligent drab-coloured population ; developing itself, most probably, in some form of Calvinistic Protestantism. For there was hereby a Protestant *Church* of Ireland, of the most irrefragable nature, preaching daily in all its actions and procedure a real Gospel of veracity, of piety, of fair dealing and good order, to all men ; and certain other ' Protestant Churches of Ireland,' and unblest real-imaginary Entities, of which the human soul is getting weary, would of a surety never have found footing there ! But the Ever-blessed Restoration came upon us. All that arrangement was torn-up by the roots ; and Ireland was appointed to develop itself as we have seen. Not in the drab-coloured Puritan way ;—in what other way is still a terrible dubiety, to itself and to us ! It will be by some Gospel of Veracity, I think, when the Heavens are pleased to send such. This ' Curse of Cromwell,' so-called, is the only Gospel of that kind I can yet discover to have ever been fairly afoot there.

138. Battle of Dunbar. The small Town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle now much honeycombed,—on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Firth of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea ; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade ; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off ; west, close by, is the deep bay, and fishy little village of Belhaven : the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther

the Hills of Fife, and foreshadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look seaward. From the bottom of Belhaven Bay to that of the next sea-bight St. Abb's-ward, the Town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, 'not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea,' Oliver Cromwell's Army, on Monday 2nd September 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and Town behind it,—in very forlorn circumstances. This now is all the ground that Oliver is lord of in Scotland. His Ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him; but visible elsewhere in the Earth no help.

Landward as you look from the Town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home. The crossing of *which*, by any of its boggy passes, and brawling stream-courses, no Army, hardly a solitary Scotch Packman could attempt, in such weather. To the edge of these Lammermoor Heights, David Lesley has betaken himself; lies now along the outmost spur of them,—a long Hill of considerable height, which the Dunbar people call the Dun, Doon, or sometimes for fashion's sake the Down, adding to it the Teutonic *Hill* likewise, though *Dun* itself in old Celtic signifies Hill. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of Twenty-thousand strong; with the Committees of Kirk and Estates, the chief Dignitaries of the Country, and in fact the flower of what the pure Covenant in this the Twelfth year of its existence can still bring forth. There lies he since Sunday night, on the top and slope of this Doon Hill, with the impassable heath-continents behind him; embraces, as within outspread tiger-claws, the base-line of Oliver's Dunbar peninsula; waiting what Oliver will do. Cockburnspath with its ravines has been seized on Oliver's left, and made

impassable ; behind Oliver is the sea ; in front of him Lesley, Doon Hill, and the heath-continent of Lammermoor. Lesley's force is of Three-and-twenty-thousand, in spirits as of men chasing, Oliver's about half as many, in spirits as of men chased. What is to become of Oliver ?

The base of Oliver's 'Dunbar Peninsula,' as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon 'an entanglement very difficult'), extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocks-mouth House on his left ; about a mile and a half from sea to sea. Brocks-mouth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh's mansion, which still stands there, his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left. As its name indicates, it is the *mouth* or issue of a small Rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock*, *Brocksburn* ; which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley's Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea. The reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday 3rd September 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn*. It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the South-country Officers in those old Pamphlets describe as a 'deep *ditch*, forty feet in depth, and about as many in width,'—ditch dug-out by the little Brook itself, and carpeted with green-sward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill ; forms, from this point to the sea, the boundary of Oliver's position ; his force is arranged in battle-order along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its grassy glen ; he is busied all Monday, he and his Officers, in ranking them there. 'Before sunrise on Monday' Lesley sent down his horse from the Hill-top, to occupy the other side of this Brook ; 'about four in the afternoon' his train came down, his whole Army gradually came down ; and they now are ranking themselves on the

opposite side of Brocksburn,—on rather narrow ground ; cornfields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and winds of Monday 2nd September 1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack, must get across this Brook and its glen first ; a thing of much disadvantage. *

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stands his tents ; sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this ' Peninsula ' ; which is a low though very uneven tract of ground ; now in our time all yellow with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially tilled,—describable by Yorkshire Hodgson as a place of plashes and rough bent-grass ; terribly beaten by showery winds that day, so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one Farm-house on this tract, where now are not a few : thither were Oliver's Cannon sent this morning ; * they had at first been lodged ' in the Church,' an edifice standing then as now somewhat apart, ' at the south end of Dunbar.' We have notice of only one other ' small house,' belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground : it stands close by the Brock Rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen ; at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts : this of course, as the one ' pass ' in that quarter, it is highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert lodged ' six horse and fifteen foot ' in this poor hut early in the morning : Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out ; killing some and ' taking three prisoners ' ;—and so got possession of this pass and hut ; but did not keep it. . . .

And now farther . . . we are to remark very specially that there is just one other ' pass ' across the Brocksburn ; and this is precisely where the

London road now crosses it ; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocksmouth House. There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock ; the steep grassy glen, or ' broad ditch forty feet deep,' flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope : passable, but still on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself. There, at this ' pass,' on and about the present London road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago. . . .

The Lord General about four o'clock . . . walking with Lambert in the Park or Garden of Brocksmouth House . . . discerns that Lesley is astir on the Hill-side ; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley in fact, is coming wholly down to the base of the Hill, where his horse had been since sunrise : coming wholly down to the edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields there ; and also bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right ; edging himself, ' shogging,' as Oliver called it, his whole line more and more to the right ! His meaning is, to get hold of Brocksmouth House and the pass of the Brook there ; after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will !—Lesley, in fact, considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost ; that, on the whole, he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. . . .

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert, standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack ? Here is the Enemy's right wing coming

out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side ; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook, has no room to manœuvre or assist : beat this right wing where it now stands ; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main-battle, the whole Army is beaten ? Lambert eagerly assents, “ had meant to say the same thing.” Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents ; as the other Officers do, when the case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin tomorrow before dawn.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night ; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet ;—2nd of September means 12th by our calendar : the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry ! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man !—Thus they pass the night ; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents ; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against whinstone bays ; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some, extinguish their matches, all but two in a company ; cower under corn-shocks, seeking some shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English ; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway ; his

and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all is beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, 'a Cornet praying in the night'; a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined: Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance!—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head a streak of dawn is rising.

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots, too, on this wing, are awake; thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient:—behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour Night's silence; the cannons awaken along all the Line: "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones, on!—The dispute 'on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour.' Plenty of fire, from fieldpieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock;—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, 'with

lancers in the front rank,' charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet;—back a little, but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. 'Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot.' Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: fieldpieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above Three-thousand killed upon this place: 'I never saw such a charge of foot and horse,' says one; nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, 'and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,"'—or in Rous's metre,

Let God arise, and scattered
 Let all his enemies be;
 And let all those that do him hate
 Before his presence flee!

Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar; the chase goes as far as Haddington; led by Hacker. 'The Lord General made a halt,' says Hodgson, 'and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm,' till our horse could gather for the chase. . . .

General David Lesley, vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o'clock; poor old Leven, not so light of movement, did not get till two. Tragical enough. What a change since

January 1644, when we marched out of this same Dunbar up to the knees in snow. It was to help and save these very men that we then marched; with the Covenant in all our hearts. We have stood by the letter of the Covenant; fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could;—they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state!—Yes, my poor friends;—and now be wise, be taught! The letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world. The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world.

139. Scotland under Cromwell. In circuitous ways he proved the Doer of what this poor Scotch Nation really wished and willed, could it have known so much at sight of him! The true Governor of this poor Scotch Nation; accomplishing their Covenant *without* the Charles Stuart, since *with* the Charles Stuart it was a flat impossibility. But they knew him not; and with their stiff-necked ways obstructed him as they could. How seldom can a Nation, can even an individual man, understand what at heart his own real will is: such masses of superficial bewilderment, of respectable hearsay, of fantasy and pedantry, and old and new cobwebbery, overlie our poor will; much hiding *it* from us, for most part! So that if we can once get eye on *it*, and walk resolutely towards fulfilment of it, the battle is as good as gained!—

For example, who, of all Scotch or other men, is he that verily understands the 'real ends of the Covenant,' and discriminates them well from the superficial forms thereof; and with pious valour does them,—and continually struggles to see them done? I should say, this Cromwell, whom we call Sectary and Blasphemer! The Scotch Clergy, persisting in their own most hidebound formula of

a Covenanted Charles Stuart, bear clear testimony, that at no time did Christ's Gospel so flourish in Scotland as now under Cromwell the Usurper. 'These bitter waters,' say they, 'were sweetened by the Lord's remarkably blessing the labours of His faithful servants. A great door and an effectual was opened to many.' Not otherwise in matters civil. 'Scotland,' thus testifies a competent eye-witness, 'was kept in great order. Some Castles in the Highlands had Garrisons put into them, which were so careful of their discipline, and so exact to their rules,' the wild Highlanders were wonderfully tamed thereby. Cromwell built three Citadels, Leith, Ayr and Inverness, besides many little Forts, over Scotland. Seven or Eight thousand men, well paid, and paying well; of the strictest habits, military, spiritual and moral: these it was everywhere a kind of Practical Sermon to take note of! 'There was good justice done; and vice was suppressed and punished. So that we always reckon those Eight years of Usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity,'—though we needed to be twice beaten, and to have our foolish Governors flung into the Tower, before we would accept the same. We, and mankind generally, are an extremely wise set of creatures.

140. The Death of Cromwell. Truly it is a great scene of World-History, this in the old Whitehall: Oliver Cromwell drawing nigh to his end. The exit of Oliver Cromwell and of English Puritanism; a great Light, one of our few authentic Solar Luminaries, going down now amid the clouds of Death. Like the setting of a great victorious Summer Sun; its course now finished. '*So stirbt ein Held*,' says Schiller, 'So dies a Hero! Sight worthy to be worshipped!'—He died, this Hero Oliver, in Resignation to God; as the Brave have all done. 'We

could not be more desirous he should abide,' says the pious Harvey, 'than he was content and willing to be gone.' . . . Oliver is gone; and with him England's Puritanism, laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing far-shining, miraculous to its own Century, and memorable to all Centuries, soon goes. Puritanism, without its King, is *kingless*, anarchic; falls into dislocation, self-collision; staggers, plunges into ever deeper anarchy; King, Defender of the Puritan Faith there can now none be found;—and nothing is left but to recall the old disowned Defender with the remnants of his Four Surplices, and Two Centuries of *Hypocrisis* (or Play-acting *not* so-called), and put-up with all that, the best we may. The Genius of England no longer soars Sunward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms, 'mewing her mighty youth,' as John Milton saw her do: the Genius of England, much liker a greedy Ostrich intent on provender and a whole skin mainly stands with its *other* extremity Sunward; with its Ostrich-head stuck into the readiest bush, of old Church-tippets, King-cloaks, or what other 'sheltering Fallacy' there may be and so awaits the issue. The issue has been slow; but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No Ostrich, intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into Fallacies, but will be awakened one day,—in a terrible *à-posteriori* manner, if not otherwise!—Awake before it come to that; gods and men bid us awake! The Voices of our Fathers, with thousand-fold stern monition to one and all, bid us awake.

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS: MODEL PRISONS

141. **Justice Indispensable.** Justice, Justice: woe betide us everywhere when, for this reason or that,

we fail to do justice ! No beneficence, benevolence, or other virtuous contribution will make good the want. And in what a rate of terrible geometrical progression, far beyond our poor computation, any act of Injustice once done by us grows ; rooting itself ever anew, spreading ever anew, like a banyan-tree,—blasting all life under it, for it is a poison-tree !

142. The Stump-Orator. A foolish stump-orator, perorating on his platform mere benevolences, seems a pleasant object to many persons ; a harmless or insignificant one to almost all. Look at him, however ; scan till you discern the nature of him, he is not pleasant, but ugly and perilous. That beautiful speech of his takes captive every long ear, and kindles into quasi-sacred enthusiasm the minds of not a few ; but it is quite in the teeth of the everlasting facts of this Universe, and will come only to mischief for every party concerned. Consider that little spouting wretch. Within the paltry skin of him it is too probable, he holds few human virtues, beyond those essential for digesting victual : envious, cowardly, vain, splenetic hungry soul ; what heroism, in word or thought or action, will you ever get from the like of him ? He, in his necessity, has taken into the benevolent line ; warms the cold vacuity of his inner man to some extent, in a comfortable manner, not by silently doing some virtue of his own, but by fiercely recommending hearsay pseudo-virtues and respectable benevolences to other people.

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS: STUMP-ORATOR

143. Speech. The human creature needs first of all to be educated not that he may speak, but that he may have something weighty and valuable to say !

If speech is the banknote for an inward capital of culture, of insight and noble human worth, then speech is precious, and the art of speech shall be honoured. But if there is no inward capital; if speech represents no real culture of the mind, but an imaginary culture; no bullion, but the fatal and now almost hopeless deficit of such? Alas, alas, said banknote is then a *forged* one; passing freely current in the market; but bringing damages to the receiver, to the payer, and to all the world, which are in sad truth infallible, and of amount incalculable.

144. Truth and Speech. Not to speak your opinion well, but to have a good and just opinion worth speaking,—for every Parliament, as for every man, this latter is the point. Contrive to have a true opinion, you will get it told in some way, better or worse; and it will be a blessing to all creatures. Have a false opinion, and tell it with the tongue of Angels, what can that profit? The better you *tell* it, the worse it will be!

145. Wisdom is Intrinsically Silent. Wisdom, the divine message which every soul of man brings into this world; the divine prophecy of what the new man has got the new and peculiar capability to do, is intrinsically of silent nature. It cannot at once, or completely at all, be read-off in words; for it is written in abstruse facts, of endowment, position, desire, opportunity, granted to man;—interprets itself in presentiments, vague struggles, passionate endeavours; and is only legible in whole when his work is *done*. Not by the noble monitions of Nature, but by the ignoble, is a man much tempted to publish the secret of his soul in words. Words, if he have a secret, will be forever inadequate to it. Words do but disturb the real answer of fact which could be given to it; disturb, obstruct, and will in the end abolish, and render impossible, said answer.

146. Thought and Truth. Good Heavens, from the wisest Thought of a man to the actual truth of a Thing as it lies in Nature, there is, one would suppose, a sufficient interval ! Consider it,—and what other intervals we introduce ! The faithfulest, most glowing word of a man is but an imperfect image of the thought, such as it is, that dwells within him ; his best word will never but with error convey his thought to other minds : and then between *his* poor thought and Nature's Fact, which is the Thought of the Eternal, there may be supposed to lie some discrepancies, some shortcomings ! Speak your sincerest, think your wisest, there is still a great gulf between you and the fact. And now, do not speak your sincerest, and what will inevitably follow out of that, do not think your wisest, but think only your plausiblest, your showiest for parliamentary purposes, where will you land with that guidance ?—

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS : PARLIAMENTS

147. Eternal Laws and Parliaments. My friend, do you think, had the united Posterity of Adam voted, and since the Creation done nothing but vote, that three and three were seven,—would this have altered the laws of arithmetic ; or put to the blush the Solitary Cocker who continued to assert privately that three and three were six ? I consider not. And is arithmetic, think you, a thing more fixed by the Eternal, than the laws of justice are, and what the right is of man towards man ? The builder of this world was Wisdom and Divine Foresight, not Folly and Chaotic Accident. Eternal Law is silently present, everywhere and everywhen. By Law the Planets gyrate in their orbits ;—by some approach to Law the Street-Cabs ply in their thoroughfares. No

pin's point can you mark within the wide circle of the All where God's Laws are not. Unknown to you or known (you had better try to know them!)—inflexible, righteous, eternal; not to be questioned by the sons of men. Wretched being, do you hope to prosper by assembling six-hundred and fifty-eight poor creatures in a certain apartment, and getting them, after debate, and "Divide, 'vide,—'vide," and report in the *Times*, to vote that what is *not* is? You will carry it, you, by your voting and your eloquencing and babbling; and the adamant basis of the Universe shall bend to your third reading, and paltry bit of engrossed sheepskin and dog-latin? What will become of you!

148. The Free Man. The free man is he who is *loyal* to the Laws of this Universe; who in his heart sees and knows, across all contradictions, that injustice *cannot* befall him here; that except by sloth and cowardly falsity evil is not possible here. The first symptom of such a man is not that he resists and rebels, but that he obeys. As poor Henry Marten wrote in Chepstow Castle long ago,

"Reader, if thou an oft-told tale wilt trust,
Thou'lt gladly do and suffer what thou must."

Gladly; he that will go gladly to his labour and his suffering, it is to him alone that the Upper Powers are favourable and the Field of Time will yield fruit. 'An oft-told tale,' friend Harry; all the noble of this world have known it, and in various dialects have striven to let us know it! The essence of all 'religion' that was and that will be, is to make men *free*. Who is he that, in this Life-pilgrimage, will consecrate himself at all hazards to obey God and God's servants, and to disobey the Devil and his? With pious valour this free man walks through the roaring tumults, invincibly the way whither he is bound. . . .

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS : HUDSON'S
STATUE

149. Material Progress Unsatisfying. To the primitive man, whether he looked at moral rule, or even at physical fact, there was nothing not divine. Flame was the God Loki, &c. ; this visible Universe was wholly the vesture of an Invisible Infinite ; every event that occurred in it a symbol of the immediate presence of God. Which it intrinsically is, and forever will be, let poor stupid mortals remember or forget it ! The difference is, not that God has withdrawn ; but that men's minds have fallen hebetated, stupid, that their hearts are dead, awakening only to some life about meal-time and cookery-time ; and their eyes are grown dim, blinkard, a kind of horn-eyes like those of owls, available chiefly for catching mice.

Most excellent Fitzsmithytrough, it is a long time since I have stopped admiring your stupendous railway miracles. I was obliged to strike work, and cease admiring in that direction. Very stupendous indeed ; considerable improvement in old roadways and wheel-and-axle carriages ; velocity unexpectedly great, distances attainable ditto ditto : all this is undeniable. But, alas, all this is still small deer for me, my excellent Fitzsmithytrough ; truly nothing more than an unexpected take of mice for the *owlish* part of you and me. Distances, you unfortunate Fitz ? The distances of London to Aberdeen, to Ostend, to Vienna, are still infinitely inadequate to me ! Will you teach me the winged flight through Immensity, up to the Throne dark with excess of bright ? You unfortunate, you grin as an ape at such a question ; you do not know that unless you *can* reach thither in some effectual, most veritable

sense, you are a lost Fitzsmithytrough, doomed to Hela's death-realm and the Abyss where mere brutes are buried. I do not want cheaper cotton, swifter railways; I want what Novalis calls 'God, Freedom, Immortality': will swift railways, and sacrifices to Hudson, help me towards that?—

150. A Nation's Bible. What is the Bible of a Nation, the practically-credited God's-Message to a Nation? Is it not, beyond all else, the authentic Biography of its Heroic Souls? This is the real record of the Appearances of God in the History of a Nation; this, which all men to the very marrow of their bones can *believe*, and which teaches all men what the nature of the Universe, when you go to work it, really is. What the Universe was thought to be in Judea and other places, this too may be very interesting to know: but what it is in England here where we live and have our work to do, that is the interesting point.—“The Universe?” M'Croudy answers. “It is a huge dull Cattle-stall and St. Catherine's Wharf; with a few pleasant apartments upstairs for those that can make money. Make money; and don't bother about the Universe!” That is M'Croudy's notion; reckoned a quiet, innocent and rather wholesome notion just now; yet clearly fitter for a reflective pig than for a man;—working continual damnation therefore, however quiet it be; and indeed I perceive it is one of the damnablest notions that ever came into the head of any *two*-legged animal without feathers in this world. That is M'Croudy's Bible; his Apology, poor fellow, for the *Want* of a Bible. ✕

151. Honour the Right Man. Give to every one what he deserves, what really is his: in all scenes and situations thou shalt do that,—or in very truth woe will betide thee, as sure as thou art living, and as thy Maker lives. Blockhead, this big Gambler swollen to the edge of bursting, he is not ‘great’ and

honourable ; he is huge and abominable ! . . . Raise statues to the swollen Gambler as if he were great, sacrifice oblations to the King of Scrip,—unfortunate mortals, you will dearly pay for it. Quiet as Nature's countinghouse and scrip-ledgers are, no faintest item is ever blotted out from them, for or against ; and to the last doit that account too will have to be settled. Rigorous as Destiny ;—she is Destiny. . . . Is the fall of a stone certain ; and the fruit of an un wisdom doubtful ? You unfortunate beings ! Have you forgotten it ; in this immense improvement of machinery, cheapening of cotton, and general astonishing progress of the species lately ? . . . You did not know that the Universe has *laws* of right and wrong ; you fancied the Universe was an oblivious greedy blockhead, like one of yourselves ; attentive to scrip mainly ; and willing, where there was no practical scrip, to forget and forgive ?

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS : JESUITISM

152. Religion. A man's ' religion ' consists not of the many things he is in doubt of and tries to believe, but of the few he is assured of, and has no need of effort for believing. His religion, whatever it may be, is a discerned fact, and coherent system of discerned facts to him ; he stands fronting the worlds and the eternities upon it : to *doubt* of it is not permissible at all ! He must verify or expel his doubts, convert them into certainty of Yes or No ; or they will be the death of his religion.

153. A Man's Bible. Ask yourselves, What are the eternal covenants which you can believe, and dare not for your life's sake but go and observe ? These are your Bible, *your* God's Word such as it may be : these you will continually struggle to obey ; other

than these, not continually or authentically at all. Did the Maker of this Universe reveal himself, to your believing Intellect, in scrip mainly, in Cotton Trades, and profitable industries and gamblings? Here too you will see 'miracles': tubular bridges, gutta-percha telegraphs; not to speak of sudden Hudson cornucopias, scrip manna-showers, pillar-of-cloud for all the flunkies,—miracles after a sort. Your Bible will be a Political Economy; your psalmist and evangelist will be M'Croudy; your practical worship the insatiable desire, and continual sacred effort, to make money. Bible, of one or the other sort, bible, evangelist, and worship you infallibly will have:—and some are God-worships, fruitful in human heroisms, in blessed arts, and deeds long-memorable, shining with a sacred splendour of empyrean across all earthly darkness and contradictions; and some again are, to a terrible extent, Devil-worships, fruitful in temporary bullion, in upholstery, gluttony and universal varnish and gold-leaf; and issuing, alas, at length in street-barricades, and a confused *return* of them to the Devil whose they are!

154. Ennui. Surely this ignoble sluggishness, sceptical torpor, indifference to all that does not bear on Mammon and his interests is not the natural state of human creatures; and is not doomed to be their final one! Other states once were, or there had never been a Society, or any noble thing, among us at all. Under this brutal stagnancy there lies painfully imprisoned some tendency which could become heroic.

The restless gnawing ennui which, like a dark dim ocean-flood, communicating with the Phlegethons and Stygian deeps, begirdles every human life so guided,—is it not the painful cry even of that imprisoned heroism? Imprisoned it will never rest; set forth at present, on these sad terms, it cannot be.

... [This ennui] is your last mark of manhood ; this at least is a perpetual admonition, and true sermon preached to you. From the chair of verity this, whatever chairs be chairs of *cantity*. Happiness is *not* come, nor like to come ; ennui, with its great waste ocean-voice, moans answer, Never, never. That ocean-voice, I tell you, is a great fact, it comes from Phlegethon and the gates of the Abyss ; its bodeful never-resting inexorable moan is the voice of primeval Fate, and of the eternal necessity of things. Will you shake away your nightmare and arise ; or must you lie writhing under it, till death relieve you ? — Unfortunate creatures ! You are fed, clothed, lodged as men never were before ; every day in new variety of magnificence are you equipped and attended to ; such wealth of material means as is now yours was never dreamed of by man before :—and to do any noble thing, with all this mountain of implements, is forever denied you. Only ignoble, expensive and unfruitful things can you now do ; nobleness has vanished from the sphere where you live. The way of it is lost, lost ; the possibility of it has become incredible. We must try to do without it, I am told. —Well ; rejoice in your upholsteries and cookeries, then, if so be they will make you happy. Let the varieties of them be continual and innumerable. In all things let perpetual change, if that is a perpetual blessing to you, be your portion instead of mine ; incur that Prophet's curse, and in all things in this sublunary world ' make yourselves like unto a wheel.' Mount into your railways ; whirl from place to place, at the rate of fifty, or if you like of five hundred miles an hour ; you cannot escape from that inexorable all-encircling ocean-moan of ennui. No : if you would mount to the stars, do yacht-voyages under the belts of Jupiter, or stalk deer on the ring of Saturn, it would still begirdle you. You cannot escape from

it, without solacement except one moment's. That prophetic Sermon from the Deeps will continue with you, till you wisely interpret it and do it, or else till the Crack of Doom swallow it and you.

LIFE OF JOHN STERLING

✓ 155. **Samuel Taylor Coleridge** (1772-1834). Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other Transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at All-hallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with 'God, Freedom, Immortality' still his: a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his

Dodona oak-grove (Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon. x

The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps, and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching,—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his 'object' and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he sang and snuffled them into "om-m-mject" and "sum-m-mject," with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

His talk, alas, was distinguished like himself, by irresolution: it disliked to be troubled with

conditions, abstinences, definite fulfilments ;—loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor and his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket for itself ! He had knowledge about many things and topics, much curious reading ; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism, with its ‘sum-m-mjects’ and ‘om-m-mjects.’ Sad enough ; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them ; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner.

. . . The constant gist of his discourse was lamentation over the sunk condition of the world ; which he recognised to be given-up to Atheism and Materialism, full of mere sordid misbeliefs, mispursuits and misresults. All Science had become mechanical ; the science not of men, but of a kind of human beavers. Churches themselves had died away into a godless mechanical condition ; and stood there as mere Cases of Articles, mere Forms of Churches ; like the dried carcasses of once-swift camels, which you find left withering in the thirst of the universal desert,—ghastly portents for the present, beneficent ships of the desert no more. Men’s souls were blinded, hebetated ; and sunk under the influence of Atheism and Materialism, and Hume and Voltaire : the world for the present was an extinct world, deserted of God, and incapable of welldoing till it changed its heart and spirit. . . .

The remedy, though Coleridge himself professed to see it as in sunbeams, could not, except by processes unspeakably difficult, be described to you at all. On

the whole, those dead Churches, this dead English Church especially, must be brought to life again. Why not? It was not dead; the soul of it, in this parched-up body, was tragically asleep only. Atheistic Philosophy was true on its side, and Hume and Voltaire could on their own ground speak irrefragably for themselves against any Church; but lift the Church and them into a higher sphere of argument, *they* died into inanition, the Church revived itself into pristine florid vigour,—become once more a living ship of the desert, and invincibly bore you over stock and stone. But how, but how! By attending to the ‘reason’ of man, said Coleridge, and duly chaining-up the ‘understanding’ of man: the *Vernunft* (Reason) and *Verstand* (Understanding) of the Germans, it all turned upon these, if you could well understand them,—which you couldn’t. . . .

Let me not be unjust to this memorable man, Surely there was here, in his pious, ever-labouring subtle mind, a precious truth, or prefigurement of truth; and yet a fatal delusion withal. Prefigurement that, in spite of beaver sciences and temporary spiritual hebetude and cecity, man and his Universe were eternally divine; and that no past nobleness, or revelation of the divine, could or would ever be lost to him. Most true, surely, and worthy of all acceptance. Good also to do what you can with old Churches and practical Symbols of the Noble: nay quit not the burnt ruins of them while you find there is still gold to be dug there. But, on the whole, do not think you can, by logical alchemy, distil astral spirits from them; or if you could, that said astral spirits, or defunct logical phantasms, could serve you in anything. What the light of your mind, which is the direct inspiration of the Almighty, pronounces incredible,—that, in God’s name, leave

uncredited ; at your peril do not try believing that. No subtlest hocus-pocus of 'reason' *versus* 'understanding' will avail for that feat ;—and it is terribly perilous to try it in these provinces !

To the man himself Nature had given, in a high measure, the seeds of a noble endowment ; and to unfold it had been forbidden him. A subtle lynx-eyed intellect, tremulous pious sensibility to all good and all beautiful ; truly a ray of empyrean light ;—but imbedded in such weak laxity of character, in such indolences and esuriences as had made strange work with it. Once more, the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will. An eye to discern the divineness of the Heaven's splendours and lightnings, the insatiable wish to revel in their godlike radiances and brilliances ; but no heart to front the scathing terrors of them, which is the first condition of your conquering an abiding place there. The courage necessary for him, above all things, had been denied this man.

156. John Sterling (1806–44). Sterling was of a rather slim but well-boned figure, perhaps an inch or two from six feet in height ; of blonde complexion, without colour, yet not pale or sickly ; ~~dark~~ dark-blonde hair, copious enough, which he usually wore short. The general aspect of him indicated freedom, perfect spontaneity, with a certain careless natural grace. In his apparel, you could notice, he affected dim colours, easy shapes ; cleanly always, yet even in this not fastidious or conspicuous ; he sat or stood, oftenest, in loose sloping postures ; walked with long strides, body carelessly bent, head flung eagerly forward, right hand perhaps grasping a cane, and rather by the middle to swing it, than by the end to use it otherwise. An attitude of frank, cheerful impetuosity, of hopeful speed and alacrity ; which indeed his

physiognomy, on all sides of it, offered as the chief expression. Alacrity, velocity, joyous ardour, dwelt in the eyes too, which were of brownish gray, full of bright kindly life, rapid and frank rather than deep or strong. A smile, half of kindly impatience, half of real mirth, often sat on his face. The head was long, high over the vertex; in the brow, of fair breadth, but not high for such a man.

In the voice, which was of good tenor sort, rapid and strikingly distinct, powerful too, and except in a some of the higher notes harmonious, there was a clear-ringing *metallic* tone,—which I often thought was wonderfully physiognomic. A certain splendour, beautiful, but not the deepest or the softest, which I could call a splendour as of burnished metal,—fiery valour of heart, swift decisive insight and utterance, then a turn for brilliant elegance, also for ostentation, rashness, &c., &c.—in short, a flash as of clear-glancing sharp-cutting steel, lay in the whole nature of the man, in his heart and in his intellect, marking alike the excellence and the limits of them both. His laugh, which on light occasions was ready and frequent, had in it no great depth of gaiety, or sense for the ludicrous in men or things; you might call it rather a good smile become vocal than a deep real laugh; with his whole man I never saw him laugh. A clear sense of the humorous he had, as of most other things; but in himself little or no true humour;—nor did he attempt that side of things. To call him deficient in sympathy would seem strange, him whose radiances and resonances went thrilling over all the world, and kept him in brotherly contact with all: but I may say his sympathies dwelt rather with the high and sublime than with the low or ludicrous; and were, in any field, rather light, wide and lively, than deep, abiding or great. . . .

Poor Sterling, he was by nature appointed for a

Poet, then—a Poet after his sort, or recogniser and delineator of the Beautiful. . . . Not till after trying all manner of sublimely illuminated places, and finding that the basis of them was putridity, artificial gas and quaking bog, did he, when his strength was all done, discover his true sacred hill, and passionately climb thither while life was fast ebbing!—A tragic history, as all histories are; yet a gallant, brave and noble one, as not many are. . . .

FREDERICK THE GREAT

157. Frederick the Great of Prussia (1712–86). About fourscore years ago [previous to 1858] there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*; *or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*,—Father Fred,—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat,—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness*, if new;—no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors);—and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red

facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it ; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished ; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

The man is not of a godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume : close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height ; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man ; nor yet by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world ; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention ; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour,—are written on that old face ; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck ; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat,—like an old snuffy lion on the watch ; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. ‘ Those eyes,’ says Mirabeau, ‘ which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror.’ Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, stedfast as the sun ; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour ; large enough, not of glaring size ; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination ; and gives us the notion of

a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation.

Friedrich is by no means one of the perfect demigods; and there are various things to be said against him with good ground. To the last, a questionable hero; with much in him which one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished. But there is one feature which strikes you at an early period of the inquiry. That in his way he is a Reality; that he always means what he speaks; grounds his actions, too, on what he recognises for the truth; and, in short, has nothing whatever of the Hypocrite or Phantasm. Which some readers will admit to be an extremely rare phenomenon. We perceive that this man was far indeed from trying to deal swindler-like with the facts around him; that he honestly recognised said facts wherever they disclosed themselves, and was very anxious also to ascertain their existence where still hidden or dubious. For he knew well, to a quite uncommon degree, and with a merit all the higher as it was an unconscious one, how entirely inexorable is the nature of facts, whether recognised or not, ascertained or not; how vain all cunning of diplomacy, management and sophistry, to save any mortal who does *not* stand on the truth of things, from sinking, in the longrun.

158. Voltaire and Frederick the Great. 'Voltaire was the spiritual complement of Friedrich,' says Sauerteig once: 'what little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these Two. A very

somnambulating Century ! But what little it *did*, we must call Friedrich ; what little it *thought*, Voltaire. Other fruit we have not from it to speak of, at this day. Voltaire, and what *can* be faithfully done on the Voltaire Creed ; “ Realised Voltairism ” ; —admit it, reader, not in a too triumphant humour, —is not that pretty much the net historical product of the Eighteenth Century ? The rest of its history either pure somnambulism ; or a mere Controversy, to the effect, “ Realised Voltairism ? How soon shall it be realised, then ? Not at once, surely ! ” So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by accident only. They are, they for want of better, the two Original Men of their Century ; the chief and in a sense the sole products of their Century. They alone remain to us as still living results from it,—such as they are. And the rest, truly, *ought* to depart and vanish (as they are now doing) ; being mere ephemera ; contemporary eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hearsay ; and related merely to the butteries and wiggeries of their time, and not related to the Perennialities at all, as these Two were.’—

159. Voltaire’s Visit to England (1726-28). England was full of Constitutionality and Freethinking ; Tolands, Collinses, Wollastons, Bolingbrokes, still living ; very free indeed. England one is astonished to see, has its royal-republican ways of doing ; something Roman in it, from Peerage down to Plebs ; strange and curious to the eye of M. de Voltaire. Sciences flourishing ; Newton still alive, white with fourscore years, the venerable hoary man ; Locke’s Gospel of Common Sense in full vogue, or even done into verse, by incomparable Mr. Pope, for the cultivated upper classes. In science, in religion, in politics, what a surprising “ liberty ” allowed or taken ! Never was a freer turn of thinking. . . .

In a man just out of the Bastille on those terms, there is a mind driven hard by suffering into seriousness, and provoked by indignant comparisons and remembrances. As if you had elaborately ploughed and pulverised the mind of this Voltaire to receive with its utmost avidity, and strength of fertility, whatever seed England may have for it. That was a notable conjuncture of a man with circumstances. The question is, Is this man to grow-up a Court Poet; to do legitimate dramas, lampoons, witty verses, and wild spiritual and practical magnificences, the like never seen; Princes and Princesses recognising him as plainly divine, and keeping him tied by enchantments to that poor trade as his task in life? is answered in the negative. No: and it is not quite to decorate and comfort your "dry dungheap" of a world, or the fortunate cocks that scratch on it, that the man Voltaire is here; but to shoot lightnings into it, and set it ablaze one day! That was an important alternative; truly of world-importance to the poor generations that now are; and it was settled, in good part, by this voyage to England, as one may surmise. Such is sometimes the use of a dissolute Rohan [Duc de Rohan by a convenient *Lettre de Cachet* had put Voltaire unjustly into the Bastille] in this world; for the gods make implements of all manner of things.

160. Frederick II. and his Father. The last breath of Friedrich Wilhelm having fled, Friedrich hurried to a private room; sat there all in tears; looking back through the gulfs of the Past, upon such a Father now wrapt away forever. Sad all, and soft in the moonlight of memory,—the lost Loved One all in the right as we now see, we all in the wrong!—This, it appears, was the Son's fixed opinion. Seven years hence, here is how Friedrich concludes the *History* of his Father, written with a loyal admiration

throughout : ' We have left under silence the domestic chagrins of this great Prince : readers must have some indulgence for the faults of the Children, in consideration of the virtues of such a Father.' All in tears he sits at present, meditating these sad things.

In a little while the Old Dessauer,¹ about to leave for Desau, ventures in to the Crown-Prince, Crown-Prince no longer ; ' embraces his knees ' ; offers, weeping, his condolence, his congratulation ;—hopes withal that his sons and he will be continued in their old posts, and that he, the Old Dessauer, " will have the same authority as in the late reign." Friedrich's eyes, at this last clause, flash-out tearless, strangely Olympian. " In your posts I have no thought of making change : in your posts, yes ;—and as to authority, I know of none there can be but what resides in the King that is sovereign ! " Which, as it were, struck the breath out of the Old Dessauer ; and sent him home with a painful miscellany of feelings, astonishment not wanting among them.

At an after hour, the same night, Friedrich went to Berlin ; met by acclamation enough. He slept there, not without tumult of dreams, one may fancy ; and on awakening next morning the first sound he heard was that of the Regiment Glasenap under his windows, swearing fealty to the King. He sprang out of bed in a tempest of emotion ; bustled distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping. Pöllnitz, who came into the ante-room, found him in this state, ' half-dressed, with dishevelled hair, in tears, and as if beside himself.' " Those huzzahings only tell me what I have lost ! " said the new King.—" *He* was in great suffering," suggested Pöllnitz ; " he is now at rest." " True, he suffered ; but he was here with us : and now——! "

¹ See Note 9.

161. Battle of Mollwitz ¹ (10th April, 1741). 'Tomorrow,' Sunday, did not prove the Day of Fight, after all. Being a day of wild drifting snow, so that you could not see twenty paces, there was nothing for it but to sit quiet. The King makes all dispositions; sketches out punctually, to the last item, where each is to station himself, how the Army is to advance in Four Columns, ready for Neipperg [Austrian General] wherever he may be,—towards Ohlau at any rate, whither it is not doubted Neipperg is bent. . . .

Neipperg, for his part, struggles forward a few miles, this Sunday April 9th; the Prussians rest under shelter in the wild weather. Neipperg's headquarters, this night are at a small Village or Hamlet, called Mollwitz: there, and in the adjacent Hamlets, chiefly in Laugwitz and Grüningen, his Army lodges itself:—he is now fairly got between us and Ohlau,—if, in the blowing drift, we knew it, or he knew it. But, in this confusion of the elements, neither part knows of the other; Neipperg has appointed that tomorrow, Monday 10th, shall be a rest-day:—appointment which could by no means be kept, as it turned out!

Friedrich had despatched messengers to Ohlau, that the force there should join him; messengers all captured. The like message had already gone to Brieg, some days before, and the Blockading Body, a good few thousands strong, quitted Brieg, as we saw, and effected their junction with him. All this day, this Sunday 9th, it still snows and blows; you cannot see a yard before you. No hope now of Prince Holstein-Beck [posted at Frankenstein with force of 8-10 thousand]. Not the least news from any quarter; Ohlau uncertain, too likely the wrong way: What is to be done? We are cut-off from our

¹ See Note 10.

Magazines, have only provision for one other day. 'Had this weather lasted,' says an Austrian reporter of these things, 'his Majesty would have passed his time very ill.' . . .

Monday morning, the Prussians are up betimes ; King Friedrich, had not, or had hardly at all, slept during those two nights, such his anxieties. This morning all is calm, sleeked out into spotless white ; Pogarell and the world are wrapt as in a winding-sheet, near two feet of snow on the ground. Air hard and crisp ; a hot sun possible about noon season. 'By daybreak' we are all astir, rendezvousing, ranking,—into Four Columns ; ready to advance in that fashion for battle, or for deploying into battle, wherever the Enemy turn up. The orders were all given overnight, two nights ago ; were all understood, too, and known to be rhadamanthine ; and, down to the lowest pioneer, no man is uncertain what to do. If we but knew where the Enemy is ; on which side of us ; what doing, what intending ?

Scouts, General-Adjutants are out on the quest ; to no purpose hitherto. One young General-Adjutant, Saldern, whose name we shall know again, has ridden northward, has pulled bridle some way north of Pogarell ; hangs, gazing diligently through his spy-glass, there ;—can see nothing but a Plain of silent snow, with sparse bearding of bushes (nothing like a hedge in these countries), and here and there a tree, the miserable skeleton of a poplar ;—when happily, owing to an Austrian Dragoon—Be pleased to accept (in abridged form) the poor old Schoolmaster's [of Mollwitz] account of a small thing : 'Austrian Dragoon of the regiment Althan, native of Kriesewitz in this neighbourhood, who was billeted in Christopher Schönwitz's, had been much in want of a clean shirt, and other interior outfit, and had, last night, imperatively dispatched the man

‘Schölzke, a farm-servant of the said Christopher’s, off to his, the Dragoon’s, Father in Kriesewitz, to procure such shirt or outfit, and to return early with the same; under penalty of—Schölzke and his master dare not think under what penalty. Schölzke, floundering homewards with the outfit from Kriesewitz, flounders at this moment into Saldern’s sphere of vision: “Whence, whither?” asks Saldern: “Dost thou know where the Austrians are?” “*Recht gut*: in Mollwitz, whither I am going!” Saldern takes him to the King,—and that was the first clear light his Majesty had on the matter.’ That or something equivalent, indisputably was; Saldern and ‘a Peasant,’ the account of it in all Books. The King says to this Peasant, “Thou shalt ride with me today!” And Schölzke, Ploschke others call him,—heavyfooted rational biped knowing the ground there practically, every yard of it,—did, as appears, attend the King all morning; and do service, that was recognisable long years afterwards. ‘For always,’ say the Books, ‘when the King held review here, Ploschke failed not to make appearance on the field of Pogarell, and got recognition and a gift from his Majesty.’

At break of day the ranking and arranging began. Pogarell clock is near striking ten, when the last squadron or battalion quits Pogarell; and the Four Columns, punctiliously correct, are all under way. Two on each side of Ohlau Highway; steadily advancing, with pioneers ahead to clear any obstacle there may be. Few obstacles; here and there a little ditch (where Ploschke’s advice may be good, under the sleek of the snow), no fences, smooth wide plain, nothing you would even call a knoll in it for many miles ahead and around. Mollwitz is some seven miles north from Pogarell; intermediate lie dusty fractions of Villages more than one; two miles

or more from Mollwitz we come to Pampitz on our left, the next considerable, if any of them can be counted considerable. . . .

Neipperg, all this while, is much at his ease on this white resting-day. He is just sitting down to dinner at the Dorfschulze's (Village Provost, or miniature Mayor of Mollwitz), a composed man ; when—rockets or projectiles, and successive anxious sputterings from the steeple-tops of Brieg, are hastily reported : what can it mean ? Means little perhaps ;—Neipperg sends out a Hussar party to ascertain, and composedly sets himself to dine. In a little while his Hussar party will come galloping back, faster than it went ; faster and fewer ;—and there will be news for Neipperg during dinner ! Better have had one idle fellow, one of your 20,000, on the Belfry-top here looking out, though it was a rest-day ?

The truth is, the Prussian advance goes on with punctilious exactitude, by no means rapidly. Colonel Count von Rothenburg,—the same whom we lately heard of in Paris as a miracle of gambling,—he now here, in a new capacity, is warily leading the Vanguard of Dragoons ; warily with the Four Columns well to rear of him ; the Austrian Hussar party came upon Rothenburg, not two miles from Mollwitz ; and suddenly drew bridle. Then Rothenburg tumbles to the right-about, and chases ;—finds, on advancing, the Austrian Army totally unaware. It is thought, had Rothenburg dashed forward, and sent word to the rearward to dash forward at their swiftest, the Austrian Army might have been cut in pieces here, and never have got together to try battle at all. But Rothenburg had no orders ; nay, had orders Not to get into fighting ;—nor had Friedrich himself, in this his first Battle, learned that feline or leonine promptitude of spring which he subsequently manifested. Far from it ! Indeed this punctilious deliberation,

and slow exactitude as on the review-ground, is wonderful and noteworthy at the first start of Friedrich ;—the faithful apprentice-hand still rigorous to the rules of the old shop. Ten years hence, twenty years hence, had Friedrich found Neipperg in this condition, Neipperg's account had been soon settled !—Rothenburg drove back the Hussars, all manner of successive Hussar parties, and kept steadily ahead of the main battle, as he had been bidden.

Pampitz Village being now passed, and in rear of them to left, the Prussian Columns halt for some instants ; burst into field-music ; take to deploying themselves into line. There is solemn wheeling, shooting-out to right and left, done with spotless precision : once in line,—in two lines, ' each three men deep,' lines many yards apart,—they will advance on Mollwitz ; still solemnly, field-music guiding, and banners spread. Which will be a work of time. That the King's frugal field-dinner was shot away, from its camp-table near Pampitz (as Fuchs has heard), is evidently mythical, and even impossible, the Austrians having yet no cannon within miles of him ; and being intent on dining comfortably themselves, not on firing at other people's dinners.

Fancy Neipperg's state of mind, busy beginning dinner in the little Schulze's, or Town-Provost's house, when the Hussars dashed in at full gallop, shouting "*Der Feind, The Enemy !* All in march there ; vanguard this side of Pampitz ; killed forty of us !" —Quick, your Plan of Battle, then ? Whitherward ; How ; What ? answer or perish ! Neipperg was infinitely struck ; dropt knife and fork ; " Send for Römer, General of the Horse !" Römer did the indispensable : a swift man, not apt to lose head. Römer's battle-plan, I should hope, is already made ; or it will fare ill with Neipperg and him. But beat, ye drummers ; gallop, ye aides-de-camp as for life.

The first thing is to get our Force together ; and it lies scattered about in Three other Villages besides Mollwitz, miles apart. Neipperg's trumpets clangour, his aides-de-camp gallop : he has his left wing formed, and the other parts in a state of rapid genesis, Horse and Foot pouring-in from Laugwitz, Bärzdorf, Grüningen, before the Prussians have quite done deploying themselves, and got well within shot of him. Römer, by birth a Saxon gentleman, by all accounts a superior soldier and excellent General of Horse, commands this Austrian left wing ; General Göldlein, a Swiss veteran of good parts, presiding over the Infantry in that quarter. Neipperg himself, were he once complete, will command the right wing.

Neipperg is to be in two lines, as the Prussians are, with horse on each wing, which is orthodox military order. His length of front, I should guess, must have been something better than two English miles ; a sluggish Brook, called of Laugwitz, from the Village of that name which lies some way across, is on his right hand ; sluggish, boggy ; stagnating towards the Oder in those parts :—improved farming has, in our time, mostly dried the strip of bog, and made it into coarse meadow, which is rather a relief amid the dry sandy element. Neipperg's right is covered by that. His left rests on the Hamlet of Grüningen, a mile-and-half north-east of Mollwitz ;—meant to have rested on Hermsdorf nearly east, but the Prussians have already taken that up. The sun coming more and more round to west of south (for it is now past noon) shines right in Neipperg's face, and is against him ; how the wind is, nobody mentions,—probably there was no wind. His regular Cavalry, 8,600, out-numbers twice or more that of the Prussians, not to mention their quality ; and he has fewer Infantry, somewhat in proportion ;—the entire force on each

side is scarcely above 20,000, the Prussian slightly in majority by count. In field-pieces Neipperg is greatly outnumbered ; the Prussians having about threescore, he only eighteen. And now here *are* the Prussians, close upon our left wing, not yet in contact with the right,—which in fact is not yet got into existence ;—thank Heaven they have not come before our left got into existence, as our right (if you knew it) has not yet quite finished doing !—

The Prussians, though so ready for deploying, have had their own difficulties and delays. Between the boggy Brook of Laugwitz on their left, and the Village of Hermsdorf, two miles distant, on which their right wing is to lean, there proves not to be room enough ; and then, owing to mistake of Schulenburg (our old pipe-clay friend, who commands the right wing of Horse here, and is not up in time), there is too much room. Not room enough for all the Infantry, we say : the last Three Battalions of the front line therefore, the three on the outmost right, wheel round, and stand athwart ; *en potence* (as soldiers say), or at right angles to the first line ; hanging to it like a kind of lid in that part,—between Schulenburg and them,—had Schulenburg come up. Thus are the three battalions got rid of at least ; ‘ they cap the First Prussian line rectangularly, like a lid,’ says my Authority,—lid which does not reach to the Second Line by a good way. This accidental arrangement had material effects on the right wing. Unfortunate Schulenburg did at last come up :—had he miscalculated the distances, then ? Once on the ground, he will find he does not reach to Hermsdorf after all, and that there is now too much room ! What his degree of fault was I know not ; Friedrich has long been dissatisfied with these dragoons of Schulenburg ; “ good for nothing, I always told you ” (at that skirmish of Baumgarten) ! and now here is

the General himself fallen blundering !—In respect of Horse, the Austrians are more than two to one ; to make out our deficiency, the King, imitating something he had read about Gustavus Adolphus, intercalates the Horse-Squadron, on each wing, with two Battalions of Grenadiers, and so lengthens them ;—‘ a manœuvre not likely to be again imitated,’ he admits.

All these movements and arrangements are effected above a mile from Mollwitz, no enemy yet visible. Once effected, we advance again with music sounding, sixty pieces of artillery well in front,—steady, steady !—across the floor of snow which is soon beaten smooth enough, the stage, this day, of a great adventure. And now there is the Enemy’s left wing, Römer and his Horse ; their right wing wider away, and not yet, by a good space, within cannon-range of us. It is towards Two of the afternoon ; Schulenburg, now on his ground, laments that he will not reach to Hermsdorf ;—but it may be dangerous now to attempt repairing that error ? At Two of the clock, being now fairly within distance, we salute Römer and the Austrian left, with all our sixty cannon ; and the sound of drums and clarionets is drowned in artillery thunder. Incessant, for they take (by order) to “ swift-shooting,” which is almost of the swiftness of musketry in our Prussian practice ; and from sixty cannon, going at that rate, we may fancy some effect. The Austrian Horse of the left wing do not like it ; all the less as the Austrians, rather short of artillery, have nothing yet to reply with.

No Cavalry can stand long there, getting shivered in that way ; in such a noise, were there nothing more. “ Are we to stand here like milestones, then, and be all shot without a stroke struck ? ” “ Steady ! ” answers Römer. But nothing can keep them

steady:—"To be shot like dogs (*wie Hunde*)! For God's sake (*Um Gottes Willen*), lead us forward, then, to have a stroke at them!"—in tones ever more plangent, plaintively indignant; growing un-governable. And Römer can get no orders; Neipperg is on the extreme right, many things still to settle there; and here is the cannon-thunder going, and soon their very musketry will open. And—and there is a Schulenburg, for one thing, stretching himself out eastwards (rightwards) to get hold of Hermsdorf; thinking this an opportunity for the manœuvre. "Forward!" cries Römer; and his Thirty Squadron, like bottled whirlwind now at last let loose, dash upon Schulenburg's poor Ten (five of them of Schulenburg's own regiment),—who are turned sideways too, trotting towards Hermsdorf, at the wrong moment,—and dash them into wild ruin. That must have been a charge! That was the beginning of hours of chaos, seemingly irretrievable, in that Prussian right wing.

For the Prussian Horse fly wildly; and it is in vain to rally. The King is among them; has come in hot haste, conjuring and commanding: poor Schulenburg addresses his own regiment, "Oh shame, shame! shall it be told, then?" rallies his own regiment, and some others; charges fiercely in with them again; gets a sabre-slash across the face,—does not mind the sabre-slash, small bandaging will do;—gets a bullet through the head (or through the heart, it is not said which); and falls down dead; his regiment going to the winds again, and *his* care of it and of other things concluding in this honourable manner. Nothing can rally that right wing; or the more you rally, the worse it fares: they are clearly no match for Römer, these Prussian Horse. They fly along the front of their own First Line of Infantry, they fly between the Two Lines; Römer chasing,—till the fire of the Infantry (intolerable to our enemies, and

hitting some even of our fugitive friends) repels him. For the notable point in all this was the conduct of the Infantry ; and how it stood in these wild vortexes of ruin ; impregnable, immovable, as if every man of it were stone ; and steadily poured-out deluges of fire,—‘ five Prussian shots for two Austrian ’ :—such is perfect discipline against imperfect ; and the iron ramrod against the wooden.

The intolerable fire repels Römer, when he trenches on the Infantry : however, he captures nine of the Prussian sixty guns ; has scattered their Horse to the winds ; and charges again and again, hoping to break the Infantry too,—till a bullet kills him, the gallant Römer ; and some other has to charge and try. It was thought, had Göldlein with his Austrian Infantry advanced to support Römer at this juncture, the Battle had been gained. Five times, before Römer fell and after, the Austrians charged here ; tried the Second Line too ; tried once to take Prince Leopold in rear there. But Prince Leopold faced round, gave intolerable fire ; on one face as on the other, he, or the Prussian Infantry anywhere, is not to be broken.

The Prussian Horse, this right wing of it, is a ruined body ; boiling in wild disorder, flooding rapidly away to rearward,—which is the safest direction to retreat upon. They ‘ sweep away the King’s person with them,’ say some cautious people ; others say, what is the fact, that Schwerin entreated, and as it were commanded, the King to go ; the Battle being, to all appearance, irretrievable. Go he did, with small escort, and on a long ride,—to Oppeln, a Prussian post, thirty-five miles rearward, where there is a Bridge over the Oder and a safe country beyond. So much is indubitable ; and that he dispatched an Aide-de-Camp to gallop into Brandenburg, and tell the Old Dessauer, “ Bestir yourself !

Here all seems lost ! ”—and vanished from the Field, doubtless in very desperate humour. . . .

Indisputable it is, though there is deep mystery upon it, the King vanishes from Mollwitz Field at this point for sixteen hours, into the regions of Myth, “into Fairyland,” as would once have been said ; but reappears unharmed in tomorrow’s daylight : . . . We hasten back to Mollwitz,—where the murderous thunder rages unabated all this while ; the very noise of it alarming mankind for thirty miles round. At Breslau, which is thirty good miles off, horrible dull grumble was heard from the southern quarter (‘still better, if you put a staff in the ground, and set your ear to it’); and from the steeple-tops, there was dim cloudland of powder-smoke discernible in the horizon there. ‘At Liegnitz,’ which is twice the distance, ‘the earth sensibly shook,’—at least the air did, and the nerves of men.

‘Had Göldlein but advanced with his Foot, in support of gallant Römer !’ say the Austrian Books. But Göldlein did not advance ; nor is it certain he would have found advantage in so doing : Göldlein, where he stands, has difficulty enough to hold his own. For the notable circumstance, miraculous to military men, still is, How the Prussian Foot (men who had never been in fire, but whom Friedrich Wilhelm had drilled for twenty years) stand their ground, in this distraction of the Horse. Not even the Two outlying Grenadier Battalions will give way ; those poor intercalated Grenadiers, when their Horse fled on the right and on the left, they stand there, like a fixed stone-dam in that wild whirlpool of ruin. They fix bayonets, ‘bring their two field-pieces to flank’ (Winterfeld was Captain there), and, from small arms and big, deliver such a fire as was very unexpected. Nothing to be made of Winterfeld and them. They invincibly hurl back charge after charge ;

and, with dogged steadiness, manœuvre themselves into the general Line again ; or into contact with the Three superfluous Battalions, arranged *en potence*, whom we heard of. Those Three, ranked athwart in this right wing ('like a lid,' between First Line and second), maintained themselves in like impregnable fashion,—Winterfeld commanding ;—and proved unexpectedly, thinks Friedrich, the saving of the whole. For they also stood their ground immovable, like rocks ; steadily spouting fire-torrents. Five successive charges storm upon them, fruitless : " Steady, *meine Kinder* ; fix bayonets, handle ramrods ! There is the Horse-deluge thundering in upon you ; reserve your fire, till you see the whites of their eyes, and get the word ; then give it them, and again give it them : see whether any man or any horse can stand it ! "

Neipperg, soon after Römer fell, had ordered Göldlein forward : Göldlein with his Infantry did advance, gallantly enough ; but to no purpose. Göldlein was soon shot dead ; and his Infantry had to fall back again, ineffectual or worse. Iron ramrods against wooden ; five shots to two : what is there but falling back ? Neipperg sent fresh Horse from his right wing, with Berlichingen, a new famed General of Horse ; Neipperg is furiously bent to improve his advantage, to break those Prussians, who are mere musketeers left bare, and thinks that will settle the account : but it could in no wise be done. The Austrian Horse, after their fifth trial, renounce charging ; fairly refuse to charge any more ; and withdraw dispirited out of ball-range, or in search of things not impracticable. . . .

In fact, the Austrian Infantry too, all Austrians, hour after hour, are getting wearier of it : neither Infantry nor Cavalry can stand being riddled by swift shot in that manner. In spite of their knapsack

walls, various regiments have shrunk out of ball-range ; and several cannot, by any persuasion, be got to come into it again. Others, who do reluctantly advance,—see what a figure they make ; man after man edging away as he can, so that the regiment ‘ stands forty to eighty men deep, with lanes through it every two or three yards ’ ; permeable everywhere to Cavalry, if we had them ; and turning nothing to the Enemy but colour-sergeants and bare poles of a regiment ! And Römer is dead, and Göldlein of the Infantry is dead. And on their right wing, skirted by that marshy Brook of Laugwitz,—Austrian right wing had been weakened by detachments, when Berlichingen rode off to succeed Römer,—the Austrians are suffering : Posadowsky’s Horse (among whom is Rothenburg, once vanguard), strengthened by remnants who have rallied here, are at last prospering, after reverses. And the Prussian fire of small arms, at such rate, has lasted now for five hours. The Austrian Army, becoming instead of a web a mere series of flying tatters, forming into stripes or lanes in the way we see, appears to have had about enough.

These symptoms are not hidden from Schwerin. His own ammunition, too, he knows is running scarce, and fighters here and there are searching the slain for cartridges :—Schwerin closes his ranks, trims and tightens himself a little ; breaks forth into universal field-music, and with banners spread, starts in mass wholly, “ Forwards ! ” Forwards towards these Austrians and the setting sun. . . .

‘ The spirits of our Army sank altogether,’ says an intelligent Austrian Officer, ‘ the Foot plainly giving way, Horse refusing to come forward, all things wavering towards dissolution :—so that Neipperg, to avoid worse, gives the word to go ;—and they roll off at double-quick time, through Mollwitz, over Laug-

witz Bridge and Brook, towards Grotkau by what routes they can. The sun is just sunk ; a quarter to eight, says the intelligent Austrian Officer,—while the Austrian Army, much to its amazement, tumbles forth in this bad fashion. . . . The loss of men, on both sides, was not far from equal, and rather in favour of the Austrian side :—Austrians counted in killed, wounded and missing, 4,410 men ; Prussians 4,613 ;—but the Prussians bivouacked on the ground, or quartered in these Villages, with victory to crown them, and the thought that their hard day's-work had been well done. . . .

162. Issue of Seven-Years War.¹ The issue, as between Austria and Prussia, strives to be, in all points, simply *As-you-were* ; and, in all outward or tangible points, strictly is so. After such a tornado of strife as the civilised world had not witnessed since the Thirty-Years War. Tornado springing doubtless from the regions called Infernal ; and darkening the upper world from south to north, and from east to west for Seven Years long ;—issuing in general *As-you-were* ! Yes truly, the tornado was Infernal ; but Heaven too had silently its purposes in it. Nor is the mere expenditure of men's diabolic rages, in mutual clash as of opposite electricities, with reduction to equipoise, and restoration of zero and repose again after seven years, the one or the principal result arrived at. Inarticulately, little dreamt of at the time by any bystander, the results, on survey from this distance, are visible as Threefold. Let us name them one other time :

(1). There is no taking of Silesia from this man ; no clipping of him down to the orthodox old limits ; he and his Country have palpably outgrown these. Austria gives-up Problem : “ We have lost Silesia ! ”

¹ See Note 11.

Yes ; and, what you hardly yet know,—and what, I perceive, Friedrich himself still less knows,—Teutschland has found Prussia. Prussia, it seems, cannot be conquered by the whole world trying to do it ; Prussia has gone through its Fire-Baptism, to the satisfaction of gods and men ; and is a Nation henceforth. In and of poor dislocated Teutschland, there is one of the Great Powers of the World henceforth ; an actual Nation.

(2). In regard to England. Her *Jenkins's-Ear Controversy* is at last settled. Not only liberty of the Seas, but, if she were not wiser, dominion of them ; guardianship of liberty for all others whatsoever : Dominion of the Seas for that wise object. America is to be English, not French ; what a result is that, were there no other ! Really a considerable Fact in the History of the World. Fact principally due to Pitt, as I believe, according to my best conjecture, and comparison of probabilities and circumstances. For which, after all, is not everybody thankful, less or more ? O my English brothers, O my Yankee half-brothers, how oblivious are we of those that have done us benefit !—These are the results for England. And in the rear of these, had these and the other elements once ripened for her, the poor Country is to get into such merchandisings, colonisings, foreign-settlings, gold-nuggetings, as lay beyond the drunkenest dreams of Jenkins (supposing Jenkins addicted to liquor) ;—and, in fact, to enter on a universal uproar of Machineries, Eldorados, “ Unexampled Prosperities,” which make a great noise for themselves in the very days now come. Prosperities evidently not of a sublime type : which, in the mean while, seem to be covering the at one time creditably clean and comely face of England with mud-blotches, miscellaneous squalors and horrors ; to be preaching into her amazed heart, which once knew better, the omni-

potence of *shoddy*; filling her ears and soul with shriekery and metallic clangour, mad noises, mad hurries mostly nowhither;—and are awakening, I suppose, in such of her sons as still go into reflection at all, a deeper and more ominous set of Questions than have ever risen in England's History before. . . .

(3). In regard to France. It appears, noble old Teutschland, with such pieties and unconquerable silent valours, such opulences human and divine, amid its wreck of new and old confusions, is not to be cut in Four, and made to dance to the piping of Versailles or another. Far the contrary! To Versailles itself there has gone forth, Versailles may read it or not, the writing on the wall: "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting" (at last even "*found wanting*")! France, beaten, stript, humiliated; sinful, unrepentent, governed by mere sinners and, at best, clever fools (*fous pleins d'esprit*),—collapses, like a creature whose limbs fail it; sinks into bankrupt quiescence, into nameless fermentation, generally into *dry-rot*. Rotting, none guesses whitherward;—rotting towards that thrice-extraordinary Spontaneous-Combustion, which blazed out in 1789. And has kindled, over the whole world, gradually or by explosion, this unexpected Outburst of all the chained Devilries (among other chained things), this roaring Conflagration of the Anarchies; under which it is the lot of these poor generations to live,—for I know not what length of Centuries yet. "Go into Combustion, my pretty child!" the Destinies had said to this *belle France*, who is always so fond of shining and outshining: "Self-Combustion;—in that way, won't you shine, as none of them yet could?" Shine; yes, truly,—till you are got to *caput mortuum*, my pretty child (unless you gain new wisdom!)—

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS: INAUGURAL ADDRESS

163. The Belief in God. In the tragedies of Sophocles there is a most deep-toned recognition of the eternal justice of Heaven, and the unfailing punishment of crime against the laws of God. I believe you will find in all histories of nations, that this has been at the origin and foundation of them all; and that no nation which did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awestricken and reverential belief that there was a great unknown, omnipotent, and all-wise and all-just Being, superintending all men in it, and all interest in it,—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world.

164. Cromwell and Knox. I don't know, in any history of Greece or Rome, where you will get so fine a man as Oliver Cromwell, for example. And we too had men worthy of memory, in our little corner of the Island here [Scotland], as well as others; and our history has had its heroic features all along; and did become great at last in being connected with world-history:—for if you examine well, you will find that John Knox was the author, as it were, of Oliver Cromwell; that the Puritan revolution never would have taken place in England at all, had it not been for that Scotchman. That is an authentic fact, and is not prompted by national vanity on my part, but will stand examining.

In fact, if you look at the struggle that was then going on in England, as I had to do in my time, you will see that people were overawed by the immense impediments lying in the way. A small minority of God-fearing men in that country were flying away

with any ship they could get, to New England, rather than take the lion by the beard. They durst not confront the powers with their most just complaints, and demands to be delivered from idolatry. They wanted to make the nation altogether conformable to the Hebrew Bible, which they, and all men, understood to be the exact transcript of the Will of God ;—and could there be, for man, a more legitimate aim ? Nevertheless, it would have been impossible in their circumstances, and not to be attempted at all, had not Knox succeeded in it here [Scotland], some fifty years before, by the firmness and nobleness of his mind. For he also is of the select of the earth to me,—John Knox. What he has suffered from the ungrateful generations that have followed him should really make us humble ourselves to the dust, to think that the most excellent man our country has produced, to whom we owe everything that distinguishes us among the nations, should have been so sneered at, misknown, and abused. Knox was heard by Scotland ; the people heard him, believed him to the marrow of their bones : they took up his doctrine, and they defied principalities and powers to move them from it. “ We must have it,” they said ; “ we will and must ! ” It was in this state of things that the Puritan struggle arose in England, and you know well how the Scottish earls and nobility, with their tenantry, marched away to Dunse Hill in 1639, and sat down there : just at the crisis of that struggle, when it was either to be suppressed or brought into greater vitality, they encamped on Dunse Hill,—thirty-thousand armed men, drawn out for that occasion, each regiment round its landlord, its earl, or whatever he might be called, and zealous all of them ‘ For Christ’s Crown and Covenant.’ That was the signal for all England’s rising up into unappeasable determination to have the Gospel there also.

REMINISCENCES : EDWARD IRVING ¹

165. Dr. Chalmers and Edward Irving. He (Dr. Thomas Chalmers) was a man of much natural dignity, ingenuity, honesty, and kind affection, as well as sound intellect and imagination. A very eminent vivacity lay in him, which could rise to complete impetuosity (glowing conviction, passionate eloquence, fiery play of heart and head),—all in a kind of *rustic* type, one might say, though wonderfully true and tender. He had a burst of genuine fun too, I have heard ; of the same honest, but most plebeian, broadly natural character : his laugh was a very hearty low guffaw ; and his tones, in preaching, would rise to the piercingly pathetic : no preacher ever went so into one's heart. He was a man essentially of little culture, of narrow sphere, all his life ; such an intellect, professing to be educated, and yet so ill-*read*, so ignorant in all that lay beyond the horizon in place or time, I have almost nowhere met with. A man capable of much soaking indolence, lazy brooding, and donothingism, as the first stage of his life well indicated ; a man thought to be timid, almost to the verge of cowardice : yet capable of impetuous activity, and blazing audacity, as his latter years showed. I suppose there will never again be such a Preacher in any Christian Church.

Irving's Discourses were far more opulent in ingenious thought than Chalmers's, which indeed were usually the triumphant on-rush of *one* idea, with its satellites and supporters ; but Irving's wanted in definite *head*, that is, steady invariably evident *aim*, what one might call definite *head* and *backbone* ; so that, on arriving, you might see clearly where and

¹ See Note 12.

how. That was mostly a defect one felt, in traversing those grand forest-avenues of his with their multifarious outlooks to right and left. He had many thoughts, pregnantly expressed, but they did not all tend one way. The reason was, there were in him infinitely more thoughts than in Chalmers ; and he took far less pains in setting them forth. The uniform custom was, he shut himself up all Saturday ; became invisible all that day ; and had his sermon ready before going to bed. Sermon an hour long or more ; it could not be done in one day, except as a kind of *extempore* thing. It flowed along, not as a swift rolling river, but as a broad, deep and bending or meandering one ; sometimes it left on you the impression almost of a fine noteworthy *lake*. Noteworthy always ; nobody could mistake it for the Discourse of other than an uncommon man. Originality and truth of purpose were undeniable in it ; but there was withal, both in the matter and the manner, a something which might be suspected of affectation : a noticeable preference and search for striking quaint and ancient locutions ; a style modelled on the Miltonic Old-Puritan ; something too in the delivery which seemed elaborate and of forethought, or might be suspected of being so. He always read, but not in the least slavishly ; and made abundant rather strong gesticulation in the right places ; voice one of the finest and powerfulest,—but not a power quite on the heart, as Chalmers's was, which you felt to be coming direct *from* the heart.

REMINISCENCES : LORD JEFFREY

166. **Francis Lord Jeffrey** (1773–1850). I did not find his the highest kind of insight, in regard to any province whatever. In Literature he had a respect-

able range of reading, but discovered little serious study ; and had no views which I could adopt in preference. On all subjects, I had to refuse him the title of deep ; and secretly to acquiesce in much that the new Opposition Party (Wilson, Lockhart, etc., who had broken out so outrageously in *Blackwood* for the last ten years) were alleging against the old excessive Edinburgh Hero-worship. . . . One thing struck me, in sad elucidation of his forensic glories : I found that essentially he was always as if speaking to a jury ; that the thing of which he could not convince fifteen clear-headed men, was to him a no-thing, —good only to be flung over the lists, and left lying without notice farther. This seemed to me a very sad result of Law ! For “ the Highest cannot be spoken of in words,” as Goethe truly says,—as, in fact, all truly deep men say or know. I urged this on his consideration now and then ; but without the least acceptance. . . . Jeffrey was perhaps at the height of his reputation about 1816 ; his *Edinburgh Review* a kind of Delphic Oracle, and Voice of the Inspired, for great majorities of what is called the “ Intelligent Public ” ; and himself regarded universally as a man of consummate penetration, and the *facile princeps* in the department he had chosen to cultivate and practise. In the half-century that has followed, what a change in all this : the fine gold become dim to such a degree ; and the Trismegistus hardly now regarded as a *Megas* by any one, or by the generality remembered at all ! He may be said to have begun the rash reckless style of criticising everything in Heaven and Earth by appeal to *Molière’s Maid* : “ Do you like it ? Don’t you like it ? ”—a style which in hands more and more inferior to that sound-hearted old lady and him, has since grown gradually to such immeasurable lengths among us ;—and he himself is one of the first that suffers by it . . . He

was not deep enough, pious or reverent enough, to have been great in Literature ; but he was a man intrinsically of veracity ; said nothing without meaning it in some considerable degree ; had the quickest perceptions, excellent practical discernment of what lay before him ; was in earnest, too, though not " dreadfully in earnest."

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS : SHOOTING NIAGARA

167. Art. All real ' Art ' is definable as Fact, or say as the disimprisoned ' Soul of Fact ' ; any other kind of Art, Poetry or High Art is quite idle in comparison.

The *Bible* itself has, in all changes of theory about it, this as its highest distinction, that it is the *truest* of all Books ; Book springing, every word of it, from the intensest convictions, from the heart's core, of those who penned it. And has it not been a " successful " Book ? Did all the Paternoster-Rows of the world ever hear of one so " successful " ! Homer's *Iliad*, too, that great Bundle of old Greek Ballads, is nothing of a *Fiction* ; it is the *truest* of a Patriotic Balladsinger, rapt into paroxysm and enthusiasm for the honour of his native Country and native Parish, could manage to sing. To ' sing,' you will observe ; always sings,—pipe often rusty, at a loss for metre ; a rough, laborious, wallet-bearing man ; but with his heart rightly on fire, when the audience goes with him, and ' hangs on him with greed ' (as he says they often do). Homer's *Iliad* I almost reckon next to the *Bible* ; so stubbornly sincere is it too, though in a far different element, and a far shallower.

168. Shakspeare's Intellect. Of all the Intellects of Mankind that have taken the speaking shape, I

incline to think Shakspeare the most divinely gifted ; clear, all-piercing like the sunlight, lovingly melodious ; probably the noblest human Intellect in that kind. And yet of Shakspeare too, it is not the Fiction that I admire, but the Fact ; to say truth, what I most of all admire are the traces he shows of a talent that could have turned the *History of England* into a kind of *Iliad*, almost perhaps into a kind of *Bible*. Manifest traces that way ; something of *epic* in the cycle of hasty Fragments he has yielded us (slaving for his bread in the Bankside Theatre) ;—and what a work wouldn't that have been !

PORTRAITS OF JOHN KNOX

169. John Knox. It may surprise many a reader, if we designate John Knox as a 'Man of Genius' : and truly it was not with what we call 'Literature,' and its harmonies and symmetries, addressed to man's Imagination, that Knox was for ever an hour concerned ; but with practical truths alone, addressed to man's inmost Belief, with immutable Facts, accepted by him, if he is of loyal heart, as the daily voices of the Eternal,—even such in all degrees of them. It is, therefore, a still higher title than 'Man of Genius' that will belong to Knox ; that of a heaven-inspired seer and heroic leader of men. By whatever name we call it, Knox's spiritual endowment is of the most distinguished class ; intrinsically capable of whatever is noblest in literature and in far higher things. His Books, especially his *History of the Reformation*, if well read, which unfortunately is not possible for every one, and has grave preliminary difficulties for even a Scottish reader, still more for an English one, testify in parts of them to the finest qualities that belong to the human intellect ; still

more evidently to those of the moral, emotional, or sympathetic sort, or that concern the religious side of man's soul.

170. Knox and Queen Mary. The interviews of Knox with Queen Mary are what one would most like to produce to readers ; but unfortunately they are of a tone which, explain as we might, not one reader in a thousand could be made to sympathise with or do justice to in behalf of Knox. The treatment which that young, beautiful, and high Chief Personage in Scotland received from the rigorous Knox would, to most modern men, seem irreverent, cruel, almost barbarous. Here more than elsewhere Knox proves himself,—here more than anywhere bound to do it,—the Hebrew Prophet in complete perfection ; refuses to soften any expression or to call anything by its milder name, or in short for one moment to forget that the Eternal God and His Word are great, and that all else is little, or is nothing ; nay if it set itself against the Most High and His Word, is the one frightful thing that this world exhibits.

He is never in the least ill-tempered with Her Majesty ; but she cannot move him from that fixed centre of all his thoughts and actions : Do the will of God, and tremble at nothing ; do against the will of God, and know that, in the Immensity and the Eternity around you, there is nothing but matter of terror. Nothing can move Knox here or elsewhere from that standing-ground ; no consideration of Queen's sceptres and armies and authorities of men is of any efficacy or dignity whatever in comparison ; and becomes not beautiful but horrible, when it sets itself against the Most High.

171. Scottish, and English Puritanism. Scottish Puritanism, well considered, seems to me distinctly the noblest and completest form that the grand Sixteenth Century Reformation anywhere assumed.

We may say also that it has been by far the most widely fruitful form ; for in the next century it had produced English Cromwellian Puritanism, with open Bible in one hand, drawn Sword in the other, and victorious foot trampling on Romish Babylon, that is to say irrevocably refusing to believe what is not a Fact in God's Universe, but a mingled mass of self-delusions and mendacities in the region of Chimera. So that now we look for the effects of it not in Scotland only, or in our small British Islands only, but over wide seas, huge American continents and growing British Nations in every zone of the earth.

✠ 17/2/46

NOTES

The numbers in brackets are those prefixed to the passages.

1. (48, 56). CARLYLE'S TEACHING. "Carlyle's ethical work," says an authority on Fichte, "is the principle of Fichte's speculation, that the world of experience is but the appearance or vesture of the divine idea, or life; and that he alone has true life who is willing to resign his own personality in the service of humanity, and who strives incessantly to work out the ideal that gives nobility and grandeur to human effort." Carlyle studied deeply German and other philosophies, but he had in himself, as Goethe early discovered, an originating principle of conviction, out of which he could develop the force that lay in him unassisted by other men.

2. (62, 68). RELATIVITY OF KNOWLEDGE. "The inalterable relativity of human knowledge" (says John Morley) "has never been more forcibly illustrated; and the two passages together fix the limits of that knowledge with a sagacity truly philosophic."

3. (64). SPACE and TIME. Of this passage the late Professor John Nichol said: "It is the culmination of the English prose eloquence as surely as Wordsworth's great Ode is the high-tide mark of the English verse, of this [the nineteenth] century."

4. (77). LOUIS XV. of FRANCE (1710-74). Under his reign—during the Seven-Years War—France lost almost all her possessions in America and India. He left France, at his death, in a state of bankruptcy.

5. (78). TAKING OF THE BASTILLE. The French Revolution may, in a restricted sense, be said to have commenced with the assembling at Versailles in May 1789, of the States-General—composed of nobles, clergy, and the Third Estate. It had not met since 1614. The taking of the Bastille was the first insurrectionary act on the part of the people in the deadly struggle with the nobles and clergy, in their attempt to retain their privileges and perpetuate their power.

6. (130, 59). *LAISSEZ-FAIRE*. This means, to state the creed briefly, that the progress of a community can be best attained by the free, unrestricted, operations of natural forces. But, under modern conditions of industry, and when combinations of workmen were illegal, this, in practice, placed the workers, as regards wages and conditions of labour, at the mercy of those who held the physical means of production. From the suppression of the monasteries—not to go farther back—which began in 1536, the condition of the English labourer and artisan had, with some gleams of comparative prosperity, on the whole been deteriorating. The prime cause seems to have been the gradual deprivation of the labourers, by various means, of their customary rights in the land; and, arising out of this, the extinction or suppression of craft-guilds and unions, which had guaranteed protection to the workers; and also, it should be added, by the inadaptability of the guilds to changing circumstances. The Industrial Revolution—which may be dated from the inventions of machines for spinning and weaving between 1770 and 1785, and more decisively from the application of steam in 1785 as a motor power—brought matters, which had hitherto moved slowly, to a head in a few years. It established the Factory System; in a word, Capitalism, and completely altered the relation between employers and employees. The freedom of the employers from State and other restrictions could not, of course, result in freedom for the workers. During the Industrial Revolution the productive power of labour was increased enormously. It produced some huge private fortunes, "heavy with human tears." So frightful, indeed, was the condition of the working-classes that Governments found themselves forced to pass one Act after another, designed to protect the workers—adults and children. But, nevertheless, down to quite recent times *laissez-faire* was the dominating maxim of government. It may be said that since about 1880 the prejudice against the State has been losing ground.

7. (115, 128). *UTILITARIANISM*. The Utilitarian creed began formally with Jeremy Bentham (1748–1832). Bentham urged the right of each man, in the economic sphere, to pursue his own interests. But he also urged that it was the right and duty of the State to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number, which logically modifies the former position, and appears to reduce the whole question to one of expediency. Mill defines Utilitarianism as "the creed which accepts as the foundation of morals utility, or the greatest-happiness principle, holds that actions are right

as they tend to promote happiness, wrong as they tend to promote the reverse of happiness." He sought to eliminate the selfish element as a governing factor. Social utility was, he thought, the aim, to attain which it may be the duty of the individual to sacrifice himself.

8. (123, etc.). **CARLYLE AND PLATO.** Representative institutions and the forms of democratic government were, in Carlyle's opinion, intrinsically of comparatively small importance. He thought every man should have the means of full development in the State—the aim of democracy, but denied its attainment by democratic methods. Professor Ernest Barker remarks on the kinship between Carlyle and Plato in this distrust of the democracy. Both had a vivid sense of the spiritual reality of the Universe. Both hoped for the realisation of the divine Idea (which alone is True), in the realm of politics, from the rule of the wisest. The practical question is, how to find the ablest and wisest men.

9. (160). 'Old **DESSAUER.**' Leopold Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, was General Field-Marshal of the Prussian Armies under Frederick William I., father of Frederick the Great. He was chief man in war matters, and the inventor of modern military tactics.

10. (161). The **BATTLE OF MOLLWITZ.** The claim of Frederick the Great to Silesia was founded on the extinction, by the death of Kaiser Karl VI. on October 20th, 1740, of the male line of the House of Hapsburg. By, what is known as, the Pragmatic Sanction Karl VI. designated his daughter, Maria Theresa, heiress to his hereditary thrones. She was, accordingly, on the death of her father, declared Sovereign Archduchess of Austria, and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, etc., etc. The chief business of Frederick's life was to enforce, and make good, what he considered, his right to Silesia. The Battle of Mollwitz was the first considerable step towards this. By the Treaty of Breslau (June 11th, 1742), following the Battle of Chotusitz, Maria Theresa was forced to yield Upper and Lower Silesia to Prussia. It was not, however, until after a protracted struggle that, by the Peace of Hubertsburg, February 15th, 1763,—at the close of the Third Silesian or Seven-Years War,—Frederick's claim to Silesia was finally acknowledged.

Carlyle's descriptions of Frederick the Great's Battles are used as a text book in the Military Schools of Germany.

11. (162). **THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR.** During this war Frederick the Great had to fight a coalition of Austria, France, Russia, and smaller States. Great Britain, inspired by the genius of the elder Pitt (Lord Chatham), supported

Frederick by subsidies and troops ; and also attacked France —her ports and Colonies ; which, *inter alia* resulted, in laying the foundation of British Naval supremacy ; in the withdrawal of the French from North America and the East Indies ; and in the establishment of the British Empire in India. At the end of the war, confirmed by the Treaty of Hubertsburg, Frederick retained practically all the territory which the coalition had aimed at wresting from him.

12. (165). CHALMERS & IRVING. Dr. Thomas Chalmers (1780-1847) the leader of the ministers who left the Church of Scotland in 1843, on the question of patronage, and formed the Free Church of Scotland. Edward Irving (1792-1834), Carlyle's early friend who, ejected from his charge in London for alleged heresy, and deposed in 1833 from the Presbyterian Ministry by the Annan Presbytery, became founder of the Catholic Apostolic Church.

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